the man's home companion!

Adam

VOL. 12 NO. 5

75¢



MARIE ANTOINETTE'S BIZARRE BEDTIME FROLICS

ADAM'S GUIDE TO SEDUCTION

A SEX THING FROM OUTER SPACE



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Cover photo of Barbie Dahl by Ron Vogel

She was built for dancing, so the medical profession lost a girl in white—and we gained Cara!

MEDI-CARA



CARA PETERS really had the ambition to be a surgeon when she was a school girl in Paris and she still would like someday to go to 'med school." But meantime she's a dancer in "many TV shows." (She was too young to appear in the "Ben Casey" or "The Doctors and the Nurses" series!) Cara tells she believes that love is mainly a "physical" thing, stating emphatically, "I like a big man." However, she says she hasn't yet 'met anyone who really was that interesting." She says that her "secret desire" is 'to have many lovers," and she listed no "favorite books" because, "I don't read much . . ."



Cara put us on by giving her "number that is most easily reached" as 38-22-36 . . .





Telsa had to save the mission from destruction because of Heroq's passion to remain a Homo sapien

Telsa stood before the reflector screen and surveyed herself with a practiced smile, a trace of quiet horror running through her mind. She ran the palms of her hands over smooth, flaring hips, gently probed the soft expanse of her stomach with the tips of her fingers and kneaded the flesh of soft but firm breasts. She moved her limbs and arched her torso and watched the subtle play of muscles sliding beneath her skin. ■ "Grotesque." Telsa turned as the thought stabbed through her mind. She executed the movement smoothly. Her coordination was improving.

— turn to page 44

LEST WE DIE

by William G. Tedford

Was Marie Antoinette a victim of character assassination, or did she diddle?

IT IS A COMMONLY accepted belief that Marie Antoinette was one of the great swingers of all time. She is often ranked with Valeria Messalina who, at the age of sixteen, married the Roman Emperor Claudius and began to make nymphomatic history. Antoinette is also mentioned as a match for Catherine the Great, Empress of Russia, who admitted to a dozen lovers and was suspected of hundreds. ■ The Roman historian Juvenal tells us that Messalina supplied her husband with attractive housemaids for his bed and then, to satisfy her own needs, would disguise herself, enter a brothel, receive all comers and pocket the cash, thus having all the fun and getting all the gravy, too. Catherine, it is said, advised six beddings a day. Her name is forever linked with sexual excess, both heterosexual and homosexual, with a touch of voyeurism

—*turn the page*



QUEEN of LUST?

by Peter Kente

Jon Duncan

thrown in One report states that the Empress of all the Russias died in bed, not alone, but in the act of copulation.

Messalina and Catherine make fast company, indeed, for the Austrian bride of Louis XVI However, there is one body of material of a quasi-historical nature which, if factual, would make the last queen of France the greatest swinger of the Western World In a section of the *Bibliotheque Nationale* in Paris, a section called "The Hell," there are reams of material describing Marie Antoinette as the most immoral of all in an age not noted for chastity

Consider this verse from a street song about Antoinette.

> *Here lies the immodest Manon*
> *Who still in her mother's womb*
> *Knew how to place herself*
> *To have sexual relations with*
> *her father.*

And that's a bowdlerized translation, for the French invented many of the terms which describe carnal activity, terms which are still frowned upon in print.

In song, in verse, in the form of dramatic productions which never were produced in public, in fiction and in so-called "official" reports, Marie Antoinette was the victim of what was, perhaps, the most devastating character assassination of which there is record. Jean Hervez presented, for example, an alleged police report written during the time Antoinette was held prisoner, with the rest of the royal family and attendants, in The Temple. With Antoinette were Marie Therese Louise De Savoie-Carignan, the Princesse De Lamballe and another royal lady, Madame Tourzel It is easy to recognize the florid style of Eighteenth Century pornography in the following sample of that "police report."

"The Queen had her sweet female friends lodged quite near her She took advantage of their availability to have them use their light hands to caress gracefully and with dexterity the lovable grotto where so many heroes had lodged the tree of life As she was being caressed, the Queen pressed to her burning breast the portrait of the seductive Count d'Artois."

The count was a relative of the king, and in popular belief, one of the lovers of Antoinette

"A few sighs uttered at the height of passion," the police report continues, "brought the scene to the attention of the guards in the next room, separated from the Queen by a thin wall The guards found a crack to peek through They could see distinctly all the movements of the Queen of France

"Madame Tourzel, lying on the bed with Antoinette, presented the Queen her bosom to caress while she with her lithe finger rubbed vigorously the nipple of one of the Queen's tits" (Author's note Use of the French word *titon* seems to indicate, along with the later description of acts and functions of specific anatomical details, that there was, perhaps, intent to arouse the reader sexually as well as politically In short, this alleged police report would seem to be the work of a professional writer of licentious material)

"Princess Lamballe," the account continues, "was at the foot of the bed and with her right hand explored the Venus bush which became often moist with a sweet dew Lamballe's left hand slapped gently and in cadence one of the royal buttocks The Queen made convulsive movements which betrayed her state of lust

"The guards saw Princess Lamballe draw from her clothing a sort of *godemiche* (dildo) which she inserted into that part of her which makes all male delights Madame Tourzel tied the *godemiche* around the contour of Lamballe's hips with a wide ribbon which contrasted in bright scarlet to the marvelous whiteness of skin Tourzel, in her turn, put on a similar instrument. In this outfit the two woman got onto the bed, Antoinette seizing them and holding them tightly A thousand kisses made the scene worthy of the daughter of Maria Theresa

"The three women, half-drunk with ecstasy, began the sacrifice which they could only imitate Lamballe lay beneath, the instrument with which she was armed destined to make its way between the Austrian buttocks Tourzel made her way to that obscure pit of the woods of Cythera The Queen, thus between two fires, imagined that she was being serviced by both d'Artois and Lafayette Her loving and burning tongue sought refreshment on the curved lips of her sweet friends Lasciviousness transported the three Graces and the Gods saw them move wildly and then fall into sweet lassitude at the end of the sacrifice For a few moments, they appeared unconscious."

It takes little imagination to decide that most of this so-called police report would not be admissible in any modern Western court How, for example, did the voyeuristic guards, watching from an adjoining room through a convenient crack in the wall of the Royal dwelling, know that Antoinette imagined "that she was being serviced by both d'Artois and Lafayette'?

But Marie Antoinette and the entire concept of royalty were not on trial in a proper court of law They were being tried in the seething caldron of public opinion, scalded by the steaming emotions generated during the French Revolution Quite wrongly, Antoinette was blamed for the state of the French economy It was illogical but useful for revolutionaries to say that Marie

Adam



"Now I've got to think of a reasonable excuse for getting so little work done"

Antoinette's extravagances had bankrupted the state

As a part of the court, Antoinette was naturally against many of the reforms of the revolution She was hated by the revolutionaries for several reasons first because she was Austrian Even when the young Antoinette was married to the heir to the French throne on May 16, 1770, she was unpopular in France because of past wars and national rivalry The marriage did little to strengthen the temporary alliance between France and Austria, a friendship which ended with France declaring war on Austria on April 20, 1792

Some historians agree that Antoinette was a victim of circumstance, powerless before the strong tide of *liberte* which was running against royal rule the world over. She would have been hated by the revolutionaries if she had been pure as a Madonna, and, like most royal women of the Eighteenth Century, she was not above a romantic adventure. Louis XVI, her husband, is not remembered as one of the fine lovers of the century of *amour, toujours amour.* In fact, he was said by some to be frigid. He was unable to produce an heir immediately. Thus, when Marie gave birth to children, eyebrows were raised and parentage was questioned Marie had not been overly discreet, seeking companionship and amusement with court favorites of dubious reputation

However, aside from documentation of some gay parties at courts, the bulk of the damnation which has been heaped on the head of the last queen of France was in the form of whispers and popular rumor. This folk knowledge of Marie Antoinette's misbehavior, true or false — or partially true — makes up an interesting array of pamphlets, libels, verses, songs, plays which were used as weapons in the war against royal rule Public resentment against Marie Antoinette could not have failed to play a part in the final overthrow of the royal family.

From 1789 on, the royal family were virtual prisoners in Paris. Louis XVI was curiously irresolute and it was left to Antoinette to play an active part in intrigues to liberate her family Her moral character had been attacked openly by a highly placed personage, Louis Philippe, duc d' Orleans, and the underground campaign to convince the people that they had a whore for a queen was at its height Daringly illustrated pamphlets showed the queen in acts of copulation, showed her engaged in every form of sexual perversion Actually, with the birth of her daughter Marie Therese Charlotte in 1778 and of the dauphin Louis in October of 1781, Antoinette had begun to live a much quieter life It was too late

The Affair of the Diamond Necklace, which Napoleon regarded as one of the causes of the French Revolution, had gravely weakened the French monarchy Much has been written about that affair Briefly, it involved a bastard daughter of Henry II, the Comtesse de La Motte, and the Cardinal de Rohan

La Motte convinced the cardinal, who was out of favor in the French court, that he could endear himself to Antoinette by buying for her a diamond necklace worth 1,600,000 livres La Motte's plan was to trick the cardinal into buying the necklace, pose as his intermediary with the queen and seize the necklace herself. La Motte forged letters from Antoinette and went so far as to hire a prostitute to pose as the queen in the gardens of Versailles.

Antoinette, who was blameless in the scandal which exploded over the valuable necklace, was later linked with Rohan in an amusing, if licentious, work of pornography called *The Royal Whorehouse* This work is illustrative of the venom with which the queen was attacked. The scene of the work is the queen's apartments at Versailles and it is presented as a dialog, beginning with the queen and her chambermaid

In summary, the queen refers contemptuously to the people of Paris as "the frogs along the Seine" and shows her gullibility by looking forward to a visit in one evening from the Chevalier of B—, the Baron of B—, the Marquess of H— and the Bishop of R—, the last being, of course, a churchman, as was the principal of the diamond necklace affair, the Cardinal of Rohan The queen orders her maid to prepare bouillon so that she might regain her strength after a first round of pleasure with her three callers. It is also intimated that the maid, herself, is one of the queen's lovers.

The maid speaks, "I'm going, but be careful you don't do it too much Just let the Bishop of R— work on you He's a stud worth any four others."

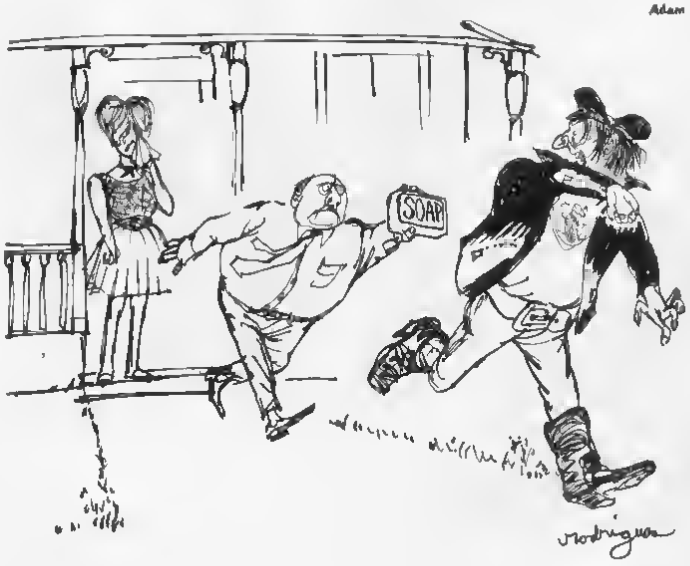
Antoinette says, "Don't worry. Six of their sort wouldn't frighten me at all."

(Antoinette goes into the apartment where she finds the three men completely naked with their weapons at the ready The queen is beside herself with joy She wants to be naked, too In her eagerness to reveal the seat of the virginity she lost three years before her marriage, she cuts her laces, heedless of the fact that she will need them to attach her underskirt when she is ready to be dressed again The Chevalier de B— shows his privates and sings)

Chevalier de B—.

"Good evening Antoinette

— *turn to page 62*



A bedroom borometer to tell you weother or not!

DOES SHE OR DOESN'T SHE?
(An Infallible Guide)

by Lau Razze



How many times on that first date have you gazed searchingly into her eyes and asked yourself that eternal question. Does She Or Doesn't She? (Any relationship between our question here and that posed by the Clairol Company is purely one of greed and bad taste.) This single query has haunted mankind throughout the ages. Indeed, it may have been the first thought Adam had of Eve, Caesar of Cleopatra and Porky Pig of Petunia.

Here at last is a guide that answers this gnawing question for you, a guide that will take the guesswork out of your love life, an invaluable aid that can save you time, money and oftentimes — embarrassment. Now for the first time — an accurate barometer of whether your date will end in a storm — or a brilliant burst of sunshine.

We have spared no costs in compiling this scientific information. Hidden microphones were placed in hundreds of motels, parked automobiles, caves, office Christmas parties, hay lofts, movie balconies, the Pomona Old Folks Home, under rocks, and in a pear tree.

SHE DOES if you're at her pad digging Rachmaninoff on her Ampex and she tells you she wants to slip into something more comfortable. A few seconds later she comes out of the bedroom wearing one of those new

— turn the page



paper dressing gowns – except this one's made of clear cellophane

SHE DOESN'T if you proposition her in a bar – and she flashes a badge

SHE DOES if you:
(1) Tell her you're a musician and she says, "Musicians always stimulate me"
(b) Tell her you're an accountant and she says, "Accountants always stimulate me"
(c) Tell her you're a leper and she says, "Lepers always stimulate me"

SHE DOESN'T if she's the President's daughter and there are always a dozen secret service men hanging around – unless you're a secret service man and you're always hanging around

SHE DOESN'T if she's an airline stewardess or a Bryn Mawr senior and she turns down your first request for a date – but hastily changes her mind after you casually mention you're on the board of General Motors and your father owns Idaho.

SHE DOESN'T if she plays trumpet in a Salvation Army band

SHE DOES if she tells you she has never loved anyone as passionately as she loved her old boyfriend, Manheim Around and several Black Russians later she turns to you and smiles, "Ya know, you remind me a lot of Manheim"

SHE DOESN'T if there's a nice moon and you invite her for a drive out to the lake and she says she'd rather go over to the local Moose Club – where there's a lecture on, "Social Diseases and Their Prevention"



"I won't be able to play poker tonight, Jim The wife's out of town and I'm getting ready to do some dishes!"

SHE DOES if she tells you she's been through psychoanalysis – and it was successful in "freeing her."

SHE DOESN'T if she thinks Ed Sullivan is the most exciting man in show business today

SHE DOES if she's a social worker – but only if you're a Negro

SHE DOESN'T if she takes you home to meet mom and mom is blonde, quite young, 38"-26"-34" – and a divorcee. During the course of the evening mom playfully comments on the "cute way you wear your hair" and "your nice physique." Finally, she sends her daughter out on an errand – to Boston (In this case you don't get the daughter – but what-the-hell?)

SHE DOES if she tells you she's a virgin

(NOTE. This last is not, as you may think, a simple facetious assertion on our part Your researchers have found that many modern girls consider the word "virgin" a relative term They feel that if a week or so goes by sans intimacies that they automatically revert to the hallowed state Also, we found that about 20% of females interviewed felt that the fact they never made it with a longshoreman – on Tuesdays–during a strike–was also a strong argument for their claim to purity. Conclusion. "Virgins are a darn good bet")

SHE DOESN'T if you get an icy stare after you tell her you've just finished a book on Scandinavian mythology and your favorite character was the queen of the gods – Frigg

SHE DOES if she has a shape like Kate Smith

SHE DOESN'T if –
(a) You reach over to caress her and she says, "You're hurting me"
(b) You try to kiss her and she says, "You're hurting me."
(c) You reach over to offer her a cigarette and she says, "You're hurting me"

SHE DOES if during a passionate embrace she whispers hoarsely, "Stop it . . ." Then draws you closer

SHE DOESN'T if you make your play and she suddenly sits up and begins telling you about her gall bladder operation

SHE DOES if she tickles your palm with her middle finger when she shakes hands with you

SHE DOESN'T if she thinks phallic symbol is a Greek philosopher

SHE DOES if you make a pass at her and she says, "What kind of a girl do you think I am?" You tell her and she says, "Well, as long as we understand each other . . ."

SHE DOESN'T if she wears Dr Scholl's Orthopedic Shoes

SHE DOES if she's a succulent little redhaired hitchhiker you've picked up in your MG and while you're speeding down a lonely road she asks if she can shift gears for you You say yes and she reaches for the stick near your leg and "accidentally" misses. She giggles, "I never did know much about cars."

SHE DOESN'T (not to you anyway) if after you've blown fifty bucks on your first date to impress her she won't let you kiss her good night because "there's - this - fella - see - I've - really - broken - up - with - him - and - I've - been - trying - to - forget - him - and - I - really - love - going - out - with - you - but - anything - more - than - that - would - make - me - feel - guilty" type thing Beware of this situation! What's happening is that the old boyfriend is tired of her — but when there's nothing better shaking he still pops over for a quick *schlepp* She really does feel guilty about having an affair with more than one guy at a time She will *not*, however, feel guilty about having you spend your hard-earned skeets on her and entertaining her until Mr. Big calls her from the bench again

SHE DOES if she has just arrived at your apartment and as you're helping her off with her coat she begins panting and tearing at you Then she pushes you on to the sofa and moans, "I give up . . . you're just too strong for me"

SHE DOESN'T if you take her to the zoo and looks at you in disgust when the monkeys start doing what monkeys always do at zoos.

SHE DOES if she tells you her husband don't understand her.

SHE DOESN'T if you've finally wrestled her into a reclining position and she starts whistling "The Star Spangled Banner."

SHE DOES if —

(a) She says, "Give me *one* good reason why I should" — and you give her two, or —

(b) She says, "No" You say, "Give me *one* good reason" And she can't

SHE DOESN'T if you're a young stud just out of basic training and you haven't seen a girl in weeks She's a doll you went to high school with You're parked on a lonely road and you're so horny you feel like an elk. Perspiring heavily you shoot her your best lines, including the bit that you may not ever come back from "over there." (Even though you're in Special Services and you've been assigned to duty in Hawaii.) You reach over to make your play and she suddenly sits up and looking at the clock on your dashboard yells, "Holy bananas! It's almost ten o'clock and Sonny and Cher are on TV tonight If we hurry we can still get home in time to see them!"

SHE DOES if she argues she has to know a guy for awhile before she can consider anything serious You ask how long that'll take She replies, "Would twenty minutes be too long?"

SHE DOESN'T if while you're standing in front of her apartment with her, the girl she rooms with — a big ugly, butch-like creature — flings open the door and threatens to break every bone in your body if she ever catches you around there again

SHE DOES if you've just met her and you spend the rest of the evening plying her with food, drinks and your sharpest lines and at evening's end — she quotes you a price

SHE DOESN'T if she says you look repulsive in tight pants

SHE DOES if she invites you to take them off



"Waddaya mean, my wife is suffering from nymphomania? I'm the one who's suffering from it"





TONI DES YEUX VERTS*

(*Of the green eyes.) That's Tonie Marie, who is Parisienne from toe to tip, all five feet four and 35-23-36 of her. And what they say about this French gal is — oui! Toni's just turned twenty (neatly turned), and she's just six months away from her native France. She loves the USA and hopes to stay, but her voice goes soft when she recalls the light and gay international life she led in the City of Light — international since the young crowd in Paris comes from almost every country to study art, music, literature — and each other.



Being of the Nouvelle Vague des Femmes (new wave in chicks), French-bred Toni Marie is at home in our new nudity. Her favorite indoor game is "Georgie Orgie"—and free love? "i love it!"


YOU ARE LEAVING
THE AMERICAN SECTOR
ВЫ ВЫЕЗЖАЕТЕ ИЗ
АМЕРИКАНСКОГО
VOUS S
DU SECTEU
SIE VERLAS

The twisted trail of a spy who crossed the bridge from West to East

IT WAS RAINING heavily on London and the 317 prisoners in D Hall of Wormwood Scrubs Prison were being kept indoors on Saturday, October 22, 1966. The 5 p.m. roll check had just been taken, and since everything seemed to be normal, all of the prisoners were being released from their individual cells for a two-hour "free association" period. Some men would spend this time playing checkers and talking to the other inmates, others would complete lessons for various correspondence courses or read books from the prison library. Two hundred and ten prisoners were escorted by two guards to another wing of Wormwood Scrubs where they were going to see a current movie with other convicts. The remaining 107 were being kept in D Hall, where most of them were

— *turn the page*

GEORGE BLAKE: RUSSIA'S TOP DOUBLE AGENT

by George Liu



Blake, *from page 23*

watching the wrestling matches on television.

George Blake had watched the matches for several minutes before he turned to a guard and angrily spoke out. "All those matches are phony. They're all rigged."

The guard nodded his head indifferently, then replied, "Well, you don't have to watch them if you don't want to. Is there supposed to be anything better on?"

"Hell no. Right now there's just those rigged matches." Blake turned his eyes back to the screen but he couldn't keep his mind on the action. For a moment he thought about the movie in the other wing of the prison, but he knew he would never be allowed out of D Hall by the guards.

Although he had been off the "escape list" — a file of all prisoners who had attempted to escape or those who were regarded as potential escapees — for over four years, the governor of the prison wouldn't give him the freedom of movement the other inmates had. Unconsciously, Blake glanced at the two guards supervising the men. Both were watching the television.

Blake stayed in the main hall for a few more minutes and then started to walk towards the exit as the men were yelling for their favorites. The two guards didn't see him leave.

"Hey, George, stay and watch the TV," a prisoner called.

Blake didn't turn around to see who was addressing him, but quietly apologized, "Sorry, I'm going back to my cell. I've got to finish my Arabic lesson."

At the foot of the stairs, Blake cautiously turned his head back to see if any guard or prisoner was watching him. No one was looking. It took him only a dozen seconds to reach the second floor of the building. Walking between the rows of cells, Blake discovered that he was the only person on the floor.

There was a large, iron-barred window, its glass partly broken, at the end of the corridor. Blake walked up to it, stooped down, and ran his right hand down the central iron bar. Near the floor his hand stopped at a strip of dark adhesive tape which had been wrapped around the bar several times. Blake had placed it there to conceal a cut in the cast iron.

Blake waited a minute until the men below him let out a yell. It took only a few kicks with his boot to bend the cut bar far enough out of shape to allow his body to squeeze through. The ground was twenty feet below him. Blake swung his legs out as he leaped and landed on a parapet covering an entrance to D Hall. With one more short jump he was on the ground.

"The guard." Blake quietly spoke to himself and kept low near the parapet, waiting. A few minutes passed, and then a lone figure decked out in rain gear and carrying a flashlight passed by. The guard swung the light towards the parapet but didn't see the figure huddling there.

"Eight minutes, just eight minutes." Blake was thinking of the small amount of time he had left for his escape. "Eight minutes to get to the wall and to get out."

The guard disappeared in the rain.

Blake hurdled a short hedge and ran towards the wall twenty yards away. As he approached it, he saw the ladder hanging down next to the bricks. It was made of nylon and each rung was reenforced with a long, grey knitting needle.

One, two, three . . . up the twenty rungs Blake slowly climbed. His mind was counting off the minutes before the guard would return. He reached the top of the wall and then pushed his body off the narrow ledge. It was a drop, twenty feet straight down to the ground. Blake made a quick roll on his side as he landed to take the shock off his legs. This was a trick he had learned twenty years before when he was instructing British agents who were being air-dropped in Nazi-held territory. Blake's blue prison uniform was thoroughly soaked when he got



Scotland Yard released this photo of double agent George Blake, serving a 42-year sentence, when he escaped from Wormwood Scrubs Prison on Oct. 22, 1966.

up and tried to look through the heavy rain

At 7 p m. the prisoners of D Hall were returned to their cells for the evening count At 7.10 a guard noticed that a cell on the second floor was empty However, a few prisoners usually lagged behind, so it was ignored Ten minutes later, the cell was still empty and so the Governor of the prison and the main gate were notified A quick search of the grounds was made and the nylon ladder was found hanging inside the wall. A guard also found a lot of pink chrysanthemums outside the prison which had been placed next to the wall where the ladder had been thrown over At 7.43 Scotland Yard was notified and an urgent message went out: *Find George Blake*

It was Sunday when the English people heard the news. George Blake, the man who worked as a double agent for the Russians for nine and a half years while serving as a British intelligence officer, had escaped from prison

George Blake was a man who had no strong national loyalties He was born as George Behar in Rotterdam in 1922. Albert William Behar, his father, was an Egyptian Jew who had spent five years in the French Foreign Legion and had earned the rank of captain in the British Royal Army during World War I. When Egypt became an English Protectorate, his father became a British citizen. Catherine Beijderwellen, his mother, came from a Protestant family in Holland.

In 1935 George traveled to Cairo where he lived with an aunt and her rich husband. It was there that he was taught the English language.

Blake's return to Rotterdam came only a few months before Adolph Hitler launched his armies against the nations of Europe For several months of uneasy peace he lived with his grandmother while continuing his education Blake was just under eighteen when the invasion of Holland came His mother, who had married an English diplomat after her first husband died, and his two sisters were able to cross the Channel into Great Britain before the Nazi storm troopers overran the small nation.

Since it was dangerous for Blake to remain in Rotterdam, he fled to Warnsveld in eastern Holland, where he lived with an uncle It was there that Blake was introduced to the clandestine activities that would have an impact on his life While living under the name of Pieter de Vries, he was contacted by the Dutch underground, which had learned of his anti-German feelings They discovered that his feelings were genuine and he was recruited as a courier For two years Blake bicycled around the countryside while carrying messages for the underground fighters

In the spring of 1942 Blake rode his bicycle to a drop point where he was to pick up some coded messages. Instead, there was a large envelope placed there Tearing open the envelope, he discovered that it contained an assortment of official-looking documents There was one piece of paper on which was written. "The Movement has been betrayed. Get out of the country before the Gestapo arrests you Use these false papers."

Blake immediately jumped on his bicycle and started to pedal to the south He did not stop at his uncle's home, but traveled quickly into Belgium and then into France Blake had boarded a train heading for the Pyrenees region of France when he was stopped by a Nazi guard who demanded to see his papers Silently Blake handed over several of the forged documents he had received. One gave his age as 16 years The guard was satisfied and let him continue riding on the train.

Near the French-Spanish border, he made contact with an "underground railroad" which had helped downed

— *turn to page 32*



On the left is a bearded George Blake when he was British Vice-Consul in Seoul as he was released with other Britons by the North Koreans in April, 1953.

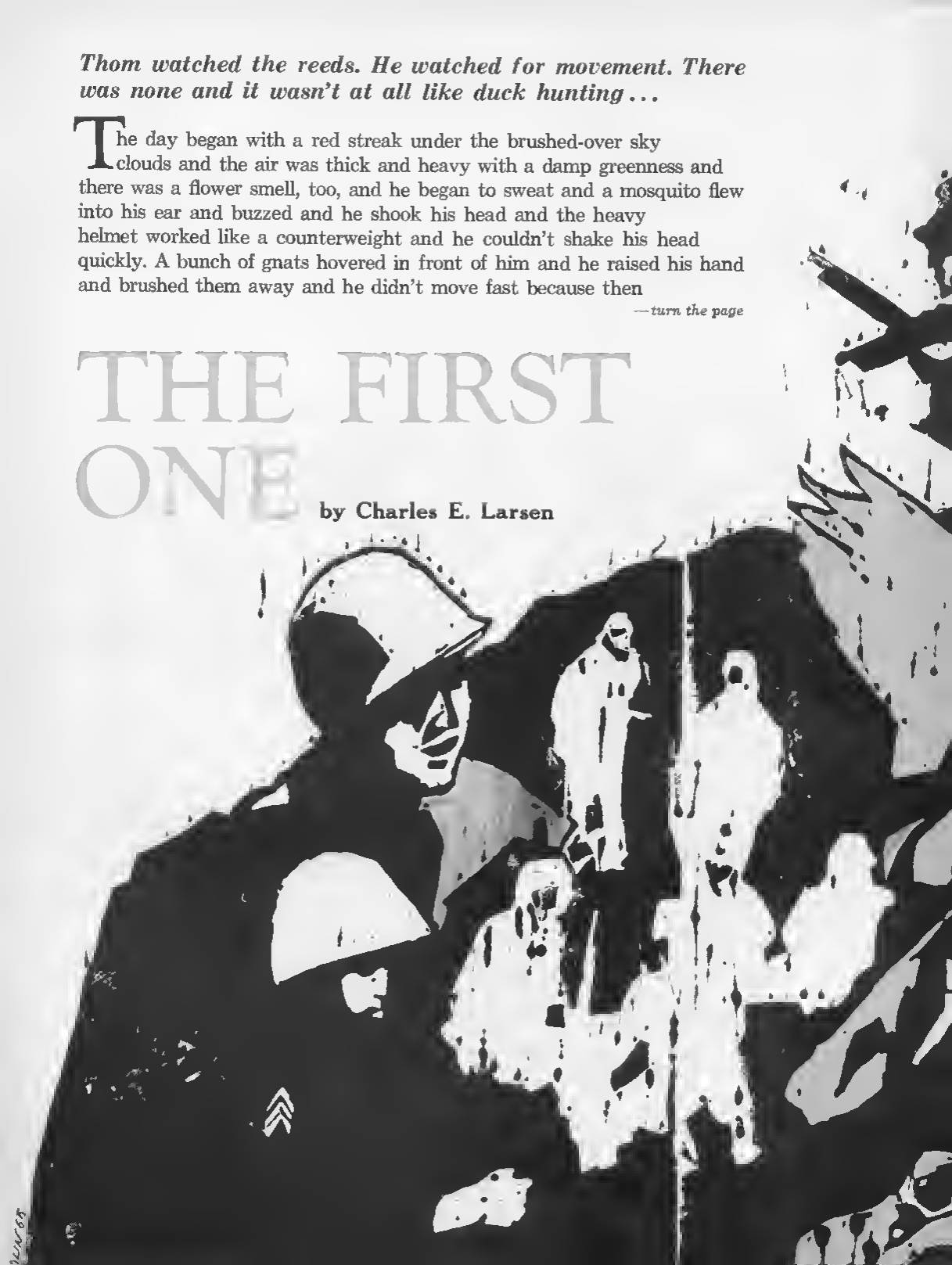
Thom watched the reeds. He watched for movement. There was none and it wasn't at all like duck hunting...

The day began with a red streak under the brushed-over sky clouds and the air was thick and heavy with a damp greenness and there was a flower smell, too, and he began to sweat and a mosquito flew into his ear and buzzed and he shook his head and the heavy helmet worked like a counterweight and he couldn't shake his head quickly. A bunch of gnats hovered in front of him and he raised his hand and brushed them away and he didn't move fast because then

—*turn the page*

THE FIRST ONE

by Charles E. Larsen





First One, *from page 27*

he might be in the iron sights and then a bullet might come with bang-*swack* and he—he didn't like to think about that—a gnat flew into his right eye and he moved his hand up slowly and rubbed and then his eye burned and watered as the rubbing squashed the body of the gnat and the digestive juices were on his eyeball His left eye began to water and it was like looking through wet glass and he pulled out his tan handkerchief and rubbed both eyes while he held his head down and the burning eased and he looked up and could see out over the water of the creek now that the mist was gone and he thought of the mornings duck hunting in Illinois.

Everything is green, dusted over with greys and browns when the season opens in Illinois and duck hunting is the getting up in full darkness and smelling coffee and putting on the long underwear and heavy rubber boots and thick clothes and the bitter taste of the too-strong coffee and the stepping out into the crackling coldness of the night and then the headlights stabbing through the darkness and the hello at Don's and putting the boat on top of the car and driving out to the river and the *klunk*-splash of the boat as it hits the water and then the long paddle in the black void of the Illinois river and the skittering sound of ducks unseen fleeing the boat's progress and then the arrival in front of the blind and unwinding the anchors from the decoys and the cursing at lost decoy heads and then reaching into the finger-numbing water to grab decoys too short on anchor twine and moving them closer to the shore and pulling up the boat and putting the canvas on it and then sticks and weeds and stumbling over broken sticks and logs and twigs to the blind and placing the shotgun against the front of the blind and sitting down and the cold wetness of your pants from the splashing of the decoys and then shivering and waiting and—cr-*rack*

He stared at the other bank Nothing That shot was a long way off He raised the weapon and sighted across to the other bank and his hands were wet from sweat He wasn't afraid to move now because the sun wasn't in his face and in the shadows he was almost invisible He tried to unfocus his eyes again When they were unfocused he could see movement and his unfocusing had gotten him placed out front The sergeant said that Thom could see movement better than anyone and he wished the sergeant was here now and he felt the sweat rolling down his back and around his belly and he itched He always itched after being out in the field, even during the duck season.

The air is colder and sometimes your pants freeze stiff right before dawn, and then, if it's a really good duck day, the clouds hang low and the day is blended with the night and it drizzles and you are damp right through and you try to count the decoys to see if you don't have some out there that aren't decoys and the gray-lighted sky oozes heavily and you are wet in some places where your coat has lost its waterproofing and maybe it snows and then you hear *boom,* boom echoing down the river and you're ready and you have the double-barrelled gun up

You watch the decoys and if your luck is good you hear the whistling swish of ducks as they fly over and make a sweeping curve up and out and their necks are craned to watch the decoys and the shore and if you sit quiet enough they turn and fly back and set their wings and splash into the decoys

Mostly they land out near the edge of the decoys and swim around out there for a while and then they move in and as they come closer they chortle and tip their pointed bottoms skyward and eat and you could stand and shoot but you wait and watch and you don't have much urge to shoot them as they swim around and then, when they have all moved in close to the blind, you stand up to let them see you and as they rise you shoot and maybe some tumble, wings askew, into the water, and you watch the hit ones in the water and sometimes they keep raising their heads up and dropping them back into the water as they die and sometimes they're quiet and you reload and sit tight and those who flew out of the decoys come whistling back and make a neck-craning sweep over the decoys and you boom more shots at them

Then you clamber out of the blind and you are so stiff from sitting in the coldness and you watch the hit ones again as you reload and if any move you lay a blast of number two's over them and then you run to the boat and paddle through the decoys and reach into the water and grab the ducks and throw them in the middle of the boat and—bop-bop-bop-bop-bop Thom jerked up

He looked down the barrel No movement The hundred yards to the creek was green and still and he heard it again bop-bop-bop-*crack* He winced from a stomach cramp. His eyes burned from sweat running in at the corners and he reached down and balled up his handkerchief and rubbed his eyes and kept his finger on the trigger and he thought he would like to be with his buddies two hundred yards behind him, back in the regular line He figured he had men maybe three hundred yards to each side, men that he knew of anyway, and he looked at the creek bank again and tried to get his eyes unfocused and he pulled one knee up to his chest to ease the cramp in his gut and he heard the weapons far away and then the crack of rifles and told himself to relax and no one was there and he stared over the field and saw every scrubby bush and the patches of wild grass and he had a burning feeling in his throat and he wished he had someone with him

He pulled the canvas bag open and stacked the clips in three piles on the canvas bag He counted them There were twenty of them with twenty rounds in each and now they were by his left hand

He remembered the sergeant asking, "You ever do any hunting, Hanson?" And when he said, "Yes, but only for small game," the sergeant saying, "No different from killing a squirrel or a rabbit after you get used to it First one's tough, but the rest aren't so bad and mostly they're far away and there's a guy near you who has killed and he pots 'im if you don't, or else everyone is blastin' an' you never know if you've hit anyone anyway" The sergeant had paused and then continued, "Knew a kid once—son of a bitch said he couldn't kill anyone—swore it Then he saw a buddy get hit in a fire fight. Guess it got to 'im 'cause he pulled down a guy coming out with a white cloth Poor gook coming out to surrender an' this bastard cuts him in half A regular meat grinder was what he was, but most guys it bothers, the first one I mean. But don't worry—you'll make it—first one's the toughest"

He could hear more shots now, bursts and cracks and he wondered if they were in the grove and turned to look out the side. The grove was thin around him and he could see out the sides and he wondered why there weren't more men out here and he guessed there weren't enough of them to have two full lines and the acid was burning in his mouth now and he wished he was religious and could pray and then maybe he wouldn't be shaking and he was scared he wouldn't shoot and would run and then everyone would know what he knew and maybe he'd be dead and—

He saw it He stared at the place Something was moving Just behind

the reeds – on the other bank. He watched the darkness. It stopped. Down the barrel of the gun. He wanted to shoot. Didn't. There might be more of them. Over there beyond the reeds. If he shot they'd know where he was. Did they send out patrols or lone scouts? He watched the darkness. It broke through. A pig. "A goddamned pig," he muttered and smiled and breathed deep and sat back and was glad he hadn't shot.

He remembered the times he had shot sky high at ducks and the sadness when one would tumble from the flock and then regain control and keep following far behind the flock and he knew it would probably die anyway and maybe it would suffer.

He watched the hog wade out in the stream and cool itself and he thought of how the water would stop his itching and wished he could get in the stream. The pig turned. Its ears stood out. Thom sat up and then eased down onto his belly. Another pig came out and the two stood in water up to their bellies with their rears to him and rooted in the bank. Thom sat back and took his helmet off and poured water over his head and wiped his face and the handkerchief smelled sour. He drank some of the green-tasting water. His hands were wet and he wiped them on his shirt front and then he watched the hogs and figured their big ears were his alarm system and no one could get across the creek with those big ears pointed at them without spooking them and then he'd know – unless they were tame pigs.

Crack. He strained forward and flattened on his belly again and scanned the open space and the acid was stronger in his throat. He saw the same humps and bushes and that last shot was near and why didn't he hear the bopping of a machine gun? He thought maybe the rifle was from the line behind him. Maybe someone was shooting pigs and he thought of the wild shooting of the duck hunting when you sit late in the morning and hear the boom and you get ready and then a heron flies over and you get mad and his eyes burned again and he wiped the sweat out and looked up –

Gone. They're gone. Thom's chest tingled and his breath stopped. He stared. He forced himself to exhale. He inhaled by command. His eyes watered and he grabbed the balled-up handkerchief and wiped them. Maybe they just felt like leaving. Maybe everything was okay. His breathing was less forced and he tried to think of the ducks . . .

A darkness. Behind the reeds. He swallowed. His throat was dry. He watched the darkness in the same place where he had first seen the pig. He shook and his heart throbbed at his temples. The darkness was gone. Maybe it was another pig. He prayed, "God help me," and wiped his eyes and forehead.

The reeds moved where the pig had come out and he started to exhale. Stopped. He saw hands parting the reeds and now the face peering through and he shivered and he knew this was the one, and there was a glint and Thom watched the man push the reeds apart and stick his head through and turn and look all around and the man slipped out and squatted there with the water up to his knees and looked around again and then splashed across and into the reeds on this side. Thom's stomach cramped and he felt nausea spread over him, and there—another man, another man in the reeds, and the first one is bellying over to that clump of grass and the second and now a third break through the reeds and cross the creek and crawl on their bellies up to the first man in the clump.

Thom's ears roar and he feels his face flush and can he kill a man and is he too scared to kill or too scared of them killing him? They must use the pig runs– "The Lord is my shepherd" – what happens if they meet a pig in the run – "I shall not . . ." - - - " The first one moving now, maybe seventy-five yards out and the other two are behind him and three more crossing the creek and the one in the reeds. Thom's throat is cotton dry. They move slow and they watch and Thomas has his gun on the near one. They're in the grass about fifty yards out and Thom can see their movement and their shapes in the grass and now there are six in the grass and the one across the creek and his trigger finger is numb, cold-asleep, and he's cold all over now. His sweat feels icy. He should kill that one and the others and he feels sick and – the antenna rises up out of the grass and undulates in the breeze. "Please God – Please God let me pull the trigger," and his vision blurs and he has a sour taste on top of the acid in his mouth and he rubs his eyes again and still the antenna is up. Now it's gone. Now one man squatting out in front of the grass and Thom watching all sour mouthed and green feeling. The man on all fours, moving in a crab-like scramble and Thom can see his glasses now. The bitter bile taste and the roaring rush in Thom's ears and his head has a pressure in it and the man forty yards out now and Thom holding his breath and giddy feeling from holding it and

– *turn to page 30*



"Oh, I'd divarce Gearge in a minute, if I wasn't afraid he'd remarry and get sameane nice."

wishing someone was next to him to kill the man. The man twenty-five yards out now and this man has the wrong face – not the face in the posters. Thom blinked his eyes. Was that seen? The man standing. Staring at Thom. Thom can't move – pull – pull – God damn you, pull! Nothing. Nothing. The man turning now and dropping to all fours and scurrying back and Thom exhaling and the antenna up and shots up the creek and the other one gone from the bank now and maybe they'll all leave and maybe he won't have to do it.

Thom mopped his face and eased back from the gun and drank from his canteen to wash the bile down and his ears were quieting down now and his stomach still felt like after too many rides at a carnival and he drank some more and looked at his watch. It was one in the afternoon and he tried to think of duck hunting and how he would point the gun and blast sometimes – the antenna was down. He breathed easier now and he lay down behind the gun again and he looked down the barrel to the reedy bank and no one in the pig run and no movement in the grass and he can't think of duck hunting now and he gouges a hole in the soft earth and keeps his eyes on the bank and urinates in the hole and brushes dirt over it and his neck muscles hurt.

The man in the reeds again. The antenna up. Now more men. Five. Seven. Ten. Thom lost count. They carry rifles and they run in a crouch to the clump and then to the grass and squat around it with their guns held ready. Thom swallows. He feels the coarse wood stock against his cheek and his stomach is better than before. The first man comes out of the grass, points at Thom and then motions to the sides. The men fan out. They're moving, all crouched over, and their guns are ready. Forty yards out now. Round metal-rimmed glasses. Thirty yards. Eyes darting from side to side. Gun low now. Twenty yards. No breathing. Scar. Over the eye. Hollow under the Adam's apple, roaring ears. Heat. Now! Now! PULL! PULL!

The world is noise and the first one jerks back with legs pumping, arms grabbing air, and his glasses shatter in sparkling pieces. The next now. Reload. Now. Shoot them down. Reload. *Swack*, bullets and the whistle of bullets. They fall. Reload. Fire and they fall in the creek and they twist and fly – and the screams. *Wamp*, go the bullets and they fall and Thom pulls and reloads and pulls into the reeds and reloads. They fall out and back. Now nothing. The smell of powder and the burning eyes and echoes in his ears and Thom looking out, and they were scattered all over and there were some pieces of paper blowing through the grass and some of the men were doubled up and some shook and hollow sounds came through to him. He was tired. He saw the movement. Over there to the right.

He puts the bead on, now just under it and pulls. The dirt kicks up with the *wamp* and the man rolls to his knees and his hands are holding his guts in and they are slipping out above his hands and Thom pulls again and the *wamp* pushes the scream out and the man tumbles on his back and is kicking. Thom switches to single shot and, not sweating now, he pulls once into each of the rumpled shapes. Some jerk and scream and some scream and some just flop over when the bullet *wamps* into them.

When he had finished he switched to automatic and cut through the grass and reeds and there was no movement there. Thom looked to the right and the man had stopped kicking and he couldn't hear anything but a ringing. Now he was alone. Thom felt disconnected and he twisted to the side and vomited and then brushed dirt over it and he was trembling and wanted to cry out and the cry hardened into a lump in his throat and he felt sad and there were no tears. He was alive.

He stared out for a long time and jerked when the hand touched him. He turned and saw the sergeant looking out and he saw the sergeant's mouth moving and he couldn't hear anything but the ringing and the sergeant started to move past him and he grabbed the sergeant's arm and pointed to his ears and shook his head sideways. The sergeant pulled out a pencil and scrawled, "Cover me," and



"I respect a girl who doesn't drink—we'll do anything that pops into your mind."

Thom shook his head yes, and watched the sergeant crawl out with the dead The sergeant had his forty-five in his hand

Thom watched the reeds He watched for movement. There was none and it wasn't at all like duck hunting and he saw the sergeant going from body to body on the left, rolling them over and now he was working back up the right side and Thomas was glad he didn't have to search them with the sergeant Still there was no movement except the papers the sergeant had pulled out and dropped and when the sergeant ran up and sat down next to him he had a leather satchel in his hand The satchel was wet on one side and spattered on the end.

The sergeant sat for a while staring out and then rose and motioned for Thom to follow him and Thom did and they headed for the line and Thom followed so close that he walked into the sergeant whenever the sergeant stopped or slowed down. When they got through their lines they reported to the lieutenant and Thom didn't say anything and the lieutenant smiled and shook his hand and made a phone call and they walked to a clearing and waited and after a while a helicopter came windmilling down and they clambered into the opening on its side and as they skimmed over the trees Thom began to hear the roaring engines.

They put him in a jeep when he got off the chopper and drove him to the hospital The doctors examined him and wrote that he'd stay there through the night and he took a shower and that stopped the itching and he went to bed in between crisp white sheets and could hear the nurses through his sleep and he didn't dream

The next morning he rose and took a shower and got examined again and walked to the mess hall and the clatter of trays and voices of the men were all overloud and the sergeant called to him He walked over and the sergeant told him that the intelligence boys figured the satchel was big stuff and he was up for a medal for killing eighteen of them and getting the information The sergeant said he should check with the medics and then go over to the chopper landing area and wait at landing zone nine for a ride back to the unit He told the sergeant that he had already been checked by the medics and the sergeant said he should just go right over to the chopper after chow

He had scrambled eggs and bacon for breakfast and sat around after it and drank four cups of coffee, and when he had finished he found out how to get to the field and walked over to it The helicopter field was cleared of trees and there were numbers on signs around the edge so men would know where to wait Thom walked over and leaned against a post with the number nine on it and stared out at the little knots of men scattered around the field A young man in new equipment walked up and asked, "You're the one, ain't you?"

"Which one?" Thom asked

"One the sergeant told us about — one that killed eighteen of 'em," the boy replied

"'At's what they say," Thom answered, "I didn't count them"

The boy turned to the others, "Told you he was the one — blasted eighteen of 'em, that's what he did"

The group of four moved toward Thom and one boy stepped up to Thom and asked, "Is it hard to kill a man — I mean — I — I just don't know if I can do it — no matter what."

Thom squinted at the boy and saw that he wore glasses and he looked at the hollow below the Adam's apple and then he sighed and slid down the post to sit on the ground

"Sorry," the boys said, "I was just wondering," and he started to turn away

"'S okay — just tired," Thom said, and the sun reflected off the boy's glasses, "First one's tough — was for me anyway, but after that it gets easier — you'll see, the first one's the toughest," and Thom pulled his helmet down over his face and thought maybe in a few days the reflection of the sun on glasses wouldn't make his eyes water anymore He guessed the powder smoke yesterday must have irritated them



"Miss Crenshaw, I think you'll find working here very exciting."

Allied pilots escape from Nazi territory With its help Blake walked over the Pyrenees Mountains into Spain. Near Madrid he was arrested by the Civil Guard However, since he had a British passport, he was sent to the English base at Gibraltar. From there he was flown to England in 1943.

When George landed in England, he adopted his stepfather's surname Blake Because of his knowledge of Flemish and German and of the geography of Holland, he was recruited by the British Special Operations executive, who needed a man with those abilities for the Dutch branch Blake spent the remainder of the war training agents who were being air-dropped into Holland At the end of the war he received the Dutch Order of Nassau, an honor bringing him knighthood for his services

Blake spent some time as an interpreter for the naval staffs in Berlin and Hamburg before he was approached by MI-6 (Military Intelligence, Branch 6, the organization which conducts England's espionage activities abroad), who needed a man with his war experiences and linguistic abilities Using the front of a naval officer, he attended a Russian interpreter course at Downing College, Cambridge, which was being run by Commander Anthony Courtney, who headed the Russian Section of Naval Intelligence Courtney stated "The Foreign Office contacted me and asked if I would accept Blake in the course They indicated that he was being absorbed into our intelligence service, but that he should be regarded at the college as just a serving officer"

Blake's studies came to an end in 1948 when he was posted to Seoul, South Korea, where he was to pose as vice-consul at the embassy Again, that was a mere cover to conceal the fact that his real bosses were in MI-6 and not in the Foreign Office. In 1949, with the information he had received from contacts, Blake warned his superiors that the North Koreans would soon cross the 38th Parallel, but his warning was ignored

The second invasion and occupation Blake had foreseen came in the summer of 1950 when the North Koreans crossed the demilitarized zone and entered the South.

Captain Vyvyan Holt, head of the British Legation in Seoul, was given authorization to withdraw his staff as the Red army approached the city. Holt chose to remain in the legation building with Blake and another employee, Norman Owen, to take care of final administrative work.

It was July 2, 1950, when Holt ordered Blake and Owen to the basement of the legation building to burn the ciphers and other appropriate papers, while he remained in the main room to reassure the British civilians who had taken refuge there The two men quietly burned the papers as they listened to rifle shots As an afterthought, they poured the contents of the building's wine cellar down the drain in hopes of preventing a drunken massacre The front door was pushed down and several armed soldiers entered the main room Holt, Blake, Owen and the other British civilians were arrested by the "People's Army" of North Korea.

Blake and the other civilian captives, including Philip Deane, a British journalist, and Commissioner Herbert Lord of the Salvation Army, were kept in the South until U.S. forces advanced towards the Yalu River On October 31, 1950, the prisoners, along with 700 American soldiers, were taken on a death march across the 38th Parallel The people were forced to walk 15 miles a day, and the combination of this physical exertion and the poor diet of millet had its effect Those who dropped out of the march were sent to "People's Hospitals," where they were shot and buried Commissioner Lord was forced at gun point to sign on the death certificates that these deaths were due to "heart failure" Lt. Colonel H Thorton, a captured Army officer, was shot in the head because he had let too many of his men drop out Twenty-five percent of the march's participants died as a result of it

It was a cold winter in Pyongyang that year Blake shared a 9-by-9-foot cell with nine other prisoners For the most part, he and the other civilians were not mistreated like the military prisoners, but there were times when the guards did their best to break the men.

"Look, there's a guard coming this way" Philip Deane spoke to Blake as they were resting on the ground, exhausted.

The guard pointed to the two men and spoke in broken English, "You two, get me some water"

Blake protested "We can't. We're too tired"

"You can walk You can get me some water" The guard was pointing to several 20-gallon drums a few hundred yards away

"We can't. We're too exhausted. How can we? Maybe if you gave us some better food than that bird seed crud that we get all the time, we might" Blake was persistent.

The guard became enraged over this back talk "I'm the guard here Bend over, get down"

The two men could only obey his orders. The guard brought the butt of the rifle down on Blake's back. Then Deane was hit. Over and over he beat and kicked the two men before him, but neither one of them gave out any cries of pain Blake's face was partially buried in the snow, but the guard could see a forced smile on his lips Blake kept that smile throughout the beating

During the months of captivity, the men around Blake admired him for his courage and for his ability to resist the attempts at brainwashing Bishop Cecil Cooper stated "Blake was a man of great energy He kept us alive by his enthusiasm and his courage. Blake resisted the brainwashing fiercely, arguing with the political officers who were attempting to indoctrinate us"

During the time of captivity, the civilians were not exposed to as much brainwashing as were the military. However, they were constantly bombarded with propaganda. works of Lenin, Marx, and Mao, modern Soviet literature and Russian newspapers Blake was hungry for reading material and eagerly read these books During the summer of 1951 he began to have doubts about the wickedness of communism. Nowhere in the reading material could he see slums in Russia, but he knew they existed in the capitalist nations The communist system did not "exploit" the workers as was done in the Western nations The more Blake read, the more convinced he became that it was better than the system he had been raised under

The break came in November, 1951 Blake had been talking to his interrogator when he demanded, "I want to see the Tiger"

A few minutes passed, then the commandant of the prison camp appeared "What do you want?"

Blake's reply was short "I want to work for the communists"

This was met with a short laugh "Why do you want to do that?" The man's voice became bitter "You've already convinced one of our men that the South was better than our People's Democracy Why am I to trust you?"

The words came carefully from Blake's mouth "At first, I believed in the capitalist system But now I have come to believe that the communist system is the only one which can establish a better and a more just society in this world"

Tiger ordered some guards to bring

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Blake, *from page 32*

Blake some food. After he had finished eating, the two men discussed Blake's change. Blake convinced Tiger of his desire to help the communists. When he was offered to be moved out of the prison to another camp for defectors, he declined and insisted on being returned to his friends. However, he made it clear that he would not inform on them.

Blake spent another 15 months in captivity until his repatriation in April, 1953. He was flown to London where he arrived as a hero. MI-5 (counter-intelligence) made a thorough investigation of his term of captivity but could not find anything to indicate disloyalty. Only Blake knew of his secret defection. Instead of being dropped as an intelligence officer, MI-6 decided to keep him.

After an extended vacation Blake was given a position in an unpublicized department of the Foreign Office. He then secretly contacted the Russian embassy and arranged a meeting with one of their men. The Russians sent a General Korovin (this was the London alias of Nikolay Robin, who returned to the USSR in 1961 to head the "Executive Action" section of the KGB, the section concerned with executions and assassinations) to discuss Blake's offer to hand over secret documents. Korovin was surprised when Blake stated that he wanted no money for his services. The deal was made. Korovin would supply Blake with the necessary photographic equipment in return for copies of all the documents he could get. Later, in his trial, Blake confessed. "I freely admit that there was not an official document on any matter to which I had access that was not passed on to my Soviet contact."

Attorney-General Sir Reginald Manning Buller summed up Blake's activities. "He agreed to make available to the Soviet intelligence service such information as came his way in the course of his activities in order to promote the cause of communism . . and he had access to information of very great importance."

In the spring of 1955 Blake, his wife and his two children moved to West Berlin where he was posted to the British Military Mission. Again Blake posed as a minor government official while gathering and evaluating information supplied from East Germany. The intelligence unit which he controlled was mainly interested in information relating to Russian arms. During this time Blake was also gathering information on the other British intelligence units working in Berlin and behind the Iron Curtain. His wife, Gillian, was unsure of her husband's specific work but suspected that it was related to the spy business because of his odd working hours.

At periodic intervals Blake would drive into East Berlin to shop, since the exchange rate for East and West German marks made it attractive for a low-paid civil servant to go there. His real interest in that sector was his contact, a Russian interpreter named Sova, who worked for the "Chamber of Technics." The information that he passed on to this man was impressive: names of agents working in the East, the structure of MI-6 in West Berlin, photographs of secret documents pertaining to England's policy on the Berlin question. Blake was supplied with a cigarette lighter containing a hidden camera and with this he photographed many of his colleagues. One source indicated that he was especially busy just before the 1959 Geneva conference on Germany making copies of documents revealing the West's policy on the matter. Some claim that he tipped off the famous Berlin telephone tap to the East Germans. This was a tunnel extending several hundred feet into East Berlin where the CIA could tap all of the military phones in the city.

During Blake's five year stay in Berlin, agents working in the East were disappearing. MI-6 officials were disturbed by this, but they were unable to find the leak in security. One incident took place in the apartment building which housed Blake's family and the families of other British civil and military employees. A former Soviet secret service official who had defected was being kept there until he could be flown to England. After Blake told his contact of the man's whereabouts, a special crew was sent to get this defector. One night the man was drugged and carried into the Eastern Zone. Later, when confronted with angry British officials, the Soviets explained that they were unable to return the man because he had died under "interrogation."

Blake left Berlin in September, 1960, and traveled to Shemlan, Lebanon, where he was to study the Arabic language at the Middle East College of Arabic Studies, which was run by the Foreign Office. This was to prepare him for intelligence work in an Arab nation. Blake continued to pass on all the information he had collected to Soviet agents in Beirut, 20 miles from Shemlan.

A month after Blake had left Berlin a minor spy named Horst Eitner was arrested as a double agent by the West German police. Eitner had made part of his living by working with British agents. In the process, he would photograph his contacts, make tape recordings of his conversations, and then sell the material to the Russians. One of the men he worked with, Blake, he discovered was working for the Soviets. In order to get a lighter prison sentence, he offered this information to the British. Eitner's report was ignored by them.

In March, 1961, Col. Anthony Alster, head of the Polish secret service, fled to the West to avoid a possible purge of Jews holding high positions in the communist bloc nations. Alster had been in charge of agents working in "West Work," the term used to describe espionage activities in the West, and had personally met Blake several times. The British authorities were astonished by the information the defector had given the communists, and sent out messages calling back all agents who had been in contact with Blake. For many it was too late. Authorities claim that in East Berlin alone 42 agents disappeared or were arrested by the communists. The fate of these men, along with others in Iron Curtain nations, is unknown, but for many, Blake's betrayal meant death.

Blake's studies in Lebanon were ended when he received a telegram ordering him back to London. Upon his arrival he was arrested as a double agent and was formally charged for violating the Official Secrets Act. His trial on May 3, 1961, was held in secret and lasted only 69 minutes. The Attorney-General stated that although Blake did not have access to documents relating to secret or atomic weapons, "He had done most serious damage to the interests of this country . . He had information of very great importance." For his betrayal Blake was given a sentence of 42 years, the longest one given for over a century. Gordon Lonsdale, another top Soviet spy who was sentenced the month before, received only 25 years in comparison.

Blake was held by the British security service for a half year before he was sent to prison. Over the service's protests, he was sent to Wormwood Scrubs Prison where Lonsdale was being held. Blake quickly adjusted to prison life, and to the guards he seemed to be a man who had accepted his fate.

A convicted spy normally would receive much abuse from fellow prisoners, but Blake was an exception. He

— turn to page 36

The King of Argos put his virgin daughter Danae in a tower of brass, but Zeus got to her anyway with his golden rain



Blake, *from page 34*

was respected by his fellow inmates, who knew him as a bright and witty person. Many of the "star" prisoners (first time offenders with long terms) of D Hall would spend their "free association" periods in his book-lined cell, where they could receive language instruction or discuss world affairs. Even after his escape, they remained loyal to him. The London *Observer* reported: "It is understood that the inmates of D Block, almost to a man, declined to reveal any information – if they had it – about Blake. To them, he was a popular figure."

The officials at Wormwood Scrubs were at first apprehensive about having a man with Blake's reputation in their prison. However, their attitude soon changed and he was given some of the privileges the other prisoners had. He was allowed to keep a short-wave receiver in his cell for language studies. Many of the guards were charmed by his warm personality. To the prison officials, Blake was a model prisoner.

Blake remained a model prisoner until his escape in 1966.

The most widely accepted theory on how Blake escaped states that the operation was planned by the Soviet KGB and carried out by "scarpeers," professional escape artists, perhaps the same ones who liberated several of the "Great Train" robbers from prison. Since Blake would not have any useful information for the communists, the motive behind the breakout was to demonstrate the power of the KGB and to reassure its agents working in the West that they would not be abandoned if caught.

There has been speculation that Blake might have received escape instructions through the short-wave receiver in his cell. It was capable of picking up the low band broadcast which would normally be used for such transmissions. In a room located one-half mile from Wormwood Scrubs, police found a crude broadcasting antenna made of bamboo and wire. Also, they found 14 wrappers from 100-pound notes. Prison officials claim that the long distance and the high wall around the place would shield radio waves from inside receivers. However, many prisoners claim that inmates have regularly monitored police radio messages.

A more practical way for Blake to get information was through the "trusted men" who were housed outside the prison. These prisoners were allowed to dress in civilian clothes and worked away from the prison. Since they had contact with the outside world, Blake could have used one of them as a messenger. Perhaps it was through one of these men that he received his final instructions or perhaps a saw with which he cut the iron bars.

Where Blake went after he got over the wall is another question which has not been answered. One man who claims knowledge of Blake's escape route is Benno Weigl, a stateless journalist living in London who had spent ten years in a Czechoslovakian prison as a spy. Using the pseudonym of Michael Rand, he wrote an article for the West German news magazine *Der Spiegel* based on three letters he received from three contacts in Czechoslovakia.

According to Weigl, the operation, which cost 14,000 pounds ($39,200), was planned and financed by the Russian officials in England and carried out by "middle men." After Blake got over the wall at Wormwood Scrubs, he was picked up, given new clothes and dark glasses, driven to a local airport and put on a plane heading for Frankfurt. After landing in that German city, he was met by two Czech officials who gave him a paper guaranteeing him political asylum in the USSR (and presumably in any other communist nation). From Frankfort he was driven to the German-Czech border, where he crossed at Schirnding, using an English passport and a visitor's visa. Once across the border, he was driven to Prague where he was housed at the "International" and "Prague" hotels while conferring with East German and Russian officials. Then, on November 3, he was driven to an airport and transported by helicopter to East Berlin, where he is supposedly residing now. While Weigl claims that this story is the truth (he burned the three letters before Scotland Yard officials could see them), he purports to have no knowledge of Blake's escape from the prison itself.

Two incidents which took place in 1964 might substantiate communist backing of the escape. In 1963 an inmate escaped from an English prison and made his way to East Germany. After a year's stay there, he was handed back to British officials in West Berlin. During his interrogation he stated that the East Germans were interested in prison security and how to overcome it. He was forced to write several papers on this topic. Also during that year two ex-prisoners confessed to the police that they were accomplices in a plot to spring Blake from prison. One of them would land a helicopter, which would have the word "POLICE" painted on it, near the prison. The other man, dressed in a prison uniform, would climb over the wall and bring Blake out. He would be flown to East Germany and then to the USSR. The Home Secretary of England, after hearing of this plot, described it as "fantastic, but not impossible."

Another theory is that Blake engineered his own escape, either to flee the country or to contact a public official in order to obtain a review of his case. However, he was not a rich man and did not receive pay for his espionage activities. He probably didn't have enough money to pay the scarpeers.

Philip Deane believes that the escape, along with Blake's activities as a spy, has been one gigantic plot carried out by MI-6. Rather than being a double agent, argues Deane, Blake was really a *triple* agent, feeding his Russian contact with specially prepared information. When the Soviets began to doubt his reliability, MI-6 "arrested" him and then conducted a show trial in order to convince them of his loyalty to communism. Deane bases all this on the belief that the conditions and brutality Blake had met in Korea could not have convinced him that communism could produce "a more just society." Also, he states that Blake was never away from his fellow prisoners for any longer period of time, thereby excluding the possibility of brainwashing. Deane's theory would explain why he was kept by MI-6 instead of being automatically dropped upon his return from Korea.

Recently, a spokesman for Scotland Yard announced that they had intercepted a letter from Blake addressed to his mother, who still resides in England. The letter stated that he was fine and that he would soon be moving to some Eastern European country. The letter was mailed from Egypt.

In the 1960's the people of the Free World suddenly became aware of the cold world of espionage. There was the U-2 affair, which broke up a "Summit" meeting. There was the Wennestrom case, where a ranking NATO general turned out to be working for the Russians. There was also Oleg Penkovsky, a top Russian official who passed information to the CIA. All of these cases ended with either imprisonment (Wennerstrom), exchange (Powers for Abel) or execution (Penkovsky).

Only one spy – George Blake – has been able to escape from the cold

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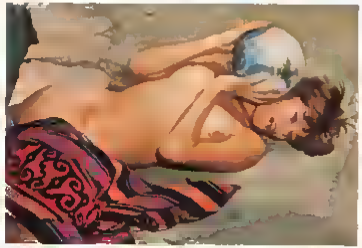
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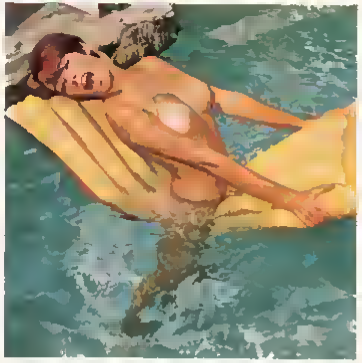
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If her heavenly body should appear on the horizon of your sextant and you wish upon a Starr — you couldn't do better than Chris!







ADAM's Eve
Chris Starr

We Die, *from page 9*

"I experience a certain amount of satisfaction," Telsa said with a perplexed expression on her oddly animated facial features.

Telsa looked with quiet interest at the creature that stood in the barren chamber. The squat, coarse being was Elra, one of her mates, but with her intellect housed in an alien brain served with different sensory apparatus. Elra took on a new, strange appearance. Her tubular form glittered, enclosed by the field that protected her from the oxygen atmosphere that now permeated the ship.

"Remember what you have been told. There is danger housed in that golem. You are literally and completely a Homosapien. Your mission must be completed swiftly lest your mind becomes warped permanently. You must avoid emotion . . ."

"Emotion, yes," Telsa said with fascination. "I experience it, but I could not relate what I am undergoing."

"It is enough to know that it is a useful, desirable phenomena in the body you inhabit for us . . ."

A chill ran through Telsa's new body. It was unpleasant. She experienced fear. Heroq slid past Elra and set a pile of clothing on the deck in front of Telsa. Telsa could detect Heroq's thoughts. They were familiar thoughts, but – seen from her new vantage—ice-cold thoughts of a vast and emotionless intellect.

Telsa dressed carefully. A complete array of knowledge had been planted in her brain of the world below them and the society of simple and unusual creatures that inhabited that world. Telsa *knew* and the knowledge of the bizarre and the alien was like the phantasies of an insanity that had engulfed her mind. Remaining on the deck was a weapon.

"If Tere will not return, destroy him."

Telsa nodded.

"His mind has been warped, but we need him back if possible. The varied creatures of Earth are a treasure of knowledge. It isn't every millennium that we find a world on the perilous edge of civilization. A technological civilization for any evolving life form is a trauma many do not survive. Tere could ruin our observation by contaminating these cultures with knowledge they have not yet acquired."

Telsa stiffened. Why did she fear the abstract reasoning that assailed her tender and limited brain? Emotion. A will to survive of a species still dependent on the automatic processes of the brain and not a neutral, all-encompassing intellect.

The crew of the little craft was a sexual unit. They would die soon and it was up to the eggs she—her other body—carried to take on the duties of the ship.

Death! Shrieking terror, blinding and strangling.

Eggs. Hatching and eating through her flesh, destroying, emerging, metamorphosing, copies of herself and Tere and Elra and . . .

"Telsa! Cease that destructive chain of thought! Your intellect is impaired! Keep only in mind your mission, Telsa! Your mission!"

"My mission," Telsa thought, forcibly controlling and submerging the primitive terror that assailed her. Destroy Tere. And if Tere is destroyed, Tere, the last chain of the sexual cycle, the eggs would hatch but would not metamorphose and would die and the small ship would be a coffin to an interrupted chain of life.

A trace of Telsa's old self returned. "This body is effective. Extremely effective in controlling the intellect."

"Controlling the intellect?" Heroq's confused thought echoed in her brain.

"I experience a reduced awareness in this body. The brain is limited. The intellect knows not its destiny. It is some inner programming that controls me. I cannot control it. I see why Tere has failed his mission. This body is a trap."

"It is thus recorded," Elra said. "Your golem was constructed carefully. It is human in all respects. We knew some of the dangers involved but in case of an accident, in case Tere was destroyed and an 'autopsy' was performed, we could have it no other way. We shall have to be content to observe the society objectively."

Telsa nodded and blocked her thoughts. For the first time she felt a grim humor. "Death faces us all," she thought, "and they concern themselves with missions."

Horrible, obliterating death.

"Can your mission be carried out?" Elra said.

Telsa nodded again. "Within a limited amount of time."

"Tere knows we are aware of his location. For some reason he is awaiting our arrival, knowing our intentions, but confident. He blocks much of his thinking from us. Much we cannot comprehend."

"I will be able to comprehend," Telsa said, handling the weapon that was built for "different" appendages.

The hum of the small craft increased in intensity, indicating the proximity of the planet called Earth. Without further word, Elra and Heroq departed and Telsa was left alone, acutely aware of her clothing clutching and rasping against her body, arousing strange sensations from the depths of her human brain.

A hatch appeared in the curved side of the chamber. Again the subtle terror gripped Telsa. The darkness was a familiar thing to her body and something yearned for the night—and for what?

Telsa walked down the ramp into the night. She smelled for the first time the odors of the forest, and felt the cold against her flesh and experienced with her "old" mind the terror of insignificance of standing on the open surface of a planet. Telsa had never before walked the surface of a world.

Her new endoskeletal frame carried her exposed flesh into danger. She felt "naked" without her shell, insecure, knowing she could be damaged easily. Her body walked upright instead of running on secreted liquids, like some artificial conveyance. Her visual sensories were placed at an enormous height from the ground, but the body worked well and Telsa was aware of inherent advantages.

"It would all be a matter of getting used to," she thought.

Telsa turned at the base of the ramp and looked at the ship. It glowed a fluorescent cyanic blue, a featureless fuzz of dim light. Telsa turned back to the darkness, her mind opened for Tere's thoughts, alert for the dangers of this new world.

A squirrel chattered somewhere near. Harmless. A flying insect slapped against her flesh. It frightened her, but it too was harmless. A sound came from the distance overhead. An aircraft, a primitive, mechanical conveyance of the species she now was. Harmless.

A docile world. Not at all like the vicious cycle of life of her own kind. Telsa walked into the forest.

Tere was not hiding from her. He appeared in a dim, white light in a clearing and Telsa looked up for the source of light and observed a small moon high in a dark sky scattered with stars. Telsa observed beauty. She looked back at Tere and probed his mind, but it was closed.

"You will return with me, Tere," Telsa said to the figure in the clearing. It was odd to call the tall biped by the name of one of her crew mates and sexual partners, but it was indeed Tere and he stood nude before her and somehow different from her own human form. Telsa noticed the difference, fighting emotions and sensations that plagued her composure.

"No," Tere said. "I like it here bet-

her.

Telsa leveled the weapon and activated it. Tere moved aside and the lance of nuclear fire washed against the trunk of a tree. The tree glared and toppled, the roots exploding in a shower of steam and dirt.

Telsa was perplexed and only vaguely understood why Tere resisted destruction. She pointed the weapon at Tere a second time and the line of fire swept the ground where Tere had been. A burning, acrid odor stung Telsa's nostrils and caused her to choke. Tears ran from her eyes.

Suddenly Tere was beside her, taking the weapon from her hand. Telsa looked into the alien face, but found it strangely attractive. It was so foreign from their natural forms that Telsa could calmly notice the smooth and uncomplicated beauty.

"You must return or be destroyed. If you do not return, you will contaminate this culture and cause our deaths. The eggs await your fertilization. They will not metamorphose without you."

"I know all that," Tere said in a deeper voice. "Do you know why I elect to stay?"

"No," Telsa said, suddenly curious, her mission forgotten for the moment. She felt strangely akin to Tere.

"In this form I experienced an overpowering resistance to the thought of death. I think it is an automatic will to survive. My body and I have become one and to return means the death of us both."

"I understand this. I feel. I fear death."

Tere shrugged. "Simple, isn't it?"

"The ship will die. Our mission . . ."

"I want to show you something," Tere said and Telsa allowed him to touch her, to undo the fastenings of her clothing. She stood before him and watched as he slipped her blouse from her arms and let her skirt slip over her wide hips to drop at her feet. She cooperated as he knelt and grasping the hem of her slip, pulled it up and free of her body. She felt the cool wind against her exposed flesh.

Tere unhooked the bra that cupped full breasts and slipped her panties down the long, smooth columns of her legs.

"You took my clothing from me," Telsa said.

"Lie on the ground."

Telsa did as she was told.

Tere lowered himself over her, pressing her against the cold, damp ground.

"Experience this," Tere said.

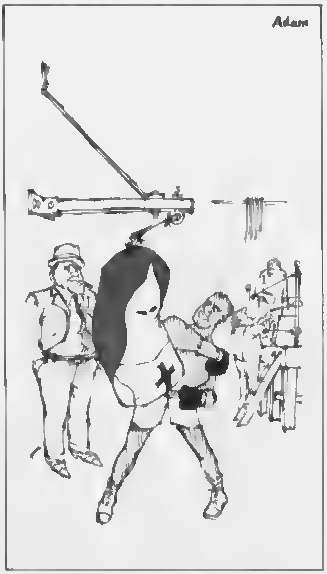
Tere caressed her sensitive, nude flesh, Telsa's mind flooding with intermingled emotions and sensations that drowned out all objective thought. Telsa stiffened, experiencing fear of the unknown. Tere was probing her with a part of himself and before Telsa could protest, something cool sank deeply within her.

Blazing, searing sensations tore at Telsa.

Agonizing waves of pleasure scorched her mind. Telsa struggled, suffocating and crying out in fear.

Tere, unheeding, pounded at her body, doing something. Telsa didn't understand.

A wave of crimson ecstasy shook her body. Two things on her breasts hardened and something in her thighs tightened. Her stomach quivered and Telsa, amazed at the overwhelming pleasure, arched her hips to aid Tere.



A crescendo of blinding ecstasy took her soaring over a peak of near insanity and gently down, down, but not quite to where she had been. Telsa shuddered and grasped at the thing that was Tere and buried her face in the solid flesh of his chest.

"Do you know what that was?" Tere said, himself breathless.

"It was horrible."

"Want to do it again?" There was humor in Tere's mind.

Telsa gave it a moment's thought. "Yes. Do it again."

Tere laughed. "It was an urge this body of mine forced upon me. It was a sex act."

Telso looked up into Tere's face unbelieving.

"These beings have no sense of duty. A section of their brain forces them to perform essential acts such as reproduction upon threat of pain or upon promise of pleasure."

Telsa understood. She was frightened of her new body. "I will reproduce?"

"Perhaps."

"Death?"

"No death." He touched her breasts. "These feed the young. Reproduction is largely pleasure. These beings reproduce again and again. They have a life span a hundred times that of ours and the young do not acquire the knowledge and memories of the parents."

Telsa struggled free and rose to her feet, her mind a fog of doubt and confusion. She grasped the weapon on the ground in her fingers and let it hang at her side.

"What about the others?" Telsa said.

"Others?" Tere caught her thoughts. "Bisexual. Only two are responsible for the act of reproduction."

Telsa clasped Tere's hand in her own. Tere followed her as she made her way through the darkness and the foliage. The forest was peaceful, serene.

The ship still glowed in the small clearing and as the couple neared, the hatch opened and a line of reddish light fell upon them.

The ship was alien. Heroq squatted inside, protected from the corrosive oxygen atmosphere in her shimmering transparency.

Heroq was ugly, brutal. Telsa's children waited inside to devour her and the others who would die submissively.

Telsa raised the weapon and a stream of fire shot toward the ship and engulfed the interior. Heroq died instantly. Crippled, the ship changed color to a bright orange and imploded silently upon itself. A shower of harmless debris fell to the ground and an acrid fog drifted among the trees.

"Do it again," Telsa said.

Tere stared at where the ship had been. "They had no chance of survival. They could have joined us."

"They could not have constructed their golems before they died. And the children would not have metamorphosed to take their places without you. They would not have been willing to subject themselves to anything that would have endangered their mission anyhow. Do it again, Tere."

Tere led her back into the trees and together they explored the wonders of their primitive and mysterious bodies and when dawn approached, they watched a not so alien sun rise in a blue sky.



A lesbian theme and Sandy Dennis promise hot box office appeal at art houses— but may shock conventional audiences



THE FOX

Though most people are familiar with D H Lawrence's **Lady Chatterley's Lover** because of the publicity over the court rulings that it was not pornography, only a few probably know his novella **The Fox.** This story with its dramatic lesbian theme could easily have been filmed into a crude and low-grade "nudie." But this picture is definitely **not** a nudie.

The second release of Claridge Pictures, **The Fox** probes the controversial subject lesbian love, and for the most part handles it with taste. Only occasionally does the film border on the "sexsational."



Academy Award winner Sandy Dennis plays the fragile, sensitive blonde lover of Ellen March (Anne Heywood), who is just the opposite — cool and self sufficient. The film opens with a scene of an isolated chicken farm in the snow-bound Canadian countryside. Ellen March





Anne Heywood's nude scene depicting self-stimulation and masturbation may shock many theatregoers

catches a fox in the henhouse and has the opportunity to kill him. She sights him with her double-barreled shotgun but misses when she fires. It is established that March is the dominant female, but there also seems to be an inward uneasiness about her.

Another morning, March is strolling in the woods when she suddenly sees the fox. Both freeze. March has her shotgun but finds she cannot move, and the fox escapes.

That evening at dinner March tells Jill (Sandy Dennis) about the incident and as they discuss it they hear the squawk of frightened chickens. When they get to the henhouse, they find Jill's pet hen, Edwina, is the latest victim of their unwanted visitor.

The following evening, while the girls are entertaining themselves with guitar music and folk songs, they hear another disturbance. March grabs the shotgun, throws the door open, and discovers a handsome strang-













er standing in the snow. The new visitor is Paul Grenfel (Keir Dullea), a merchant seaman on leave making a surprise visit to his grandfather, the previous owner of the farm.

Paul had not known his grandfather was dead or that the farm had been sold. The girls invite him to stay the night.

Since he has no other place to spend his leave, Paul offers to stay on at the farm and help with some of the heavier chores. As time passes, a strong physical attraction develops between Paul and March. Paul eventually asks her to marry him — but March cannot leave Jill — and with his leave up, Paul has to return without March.

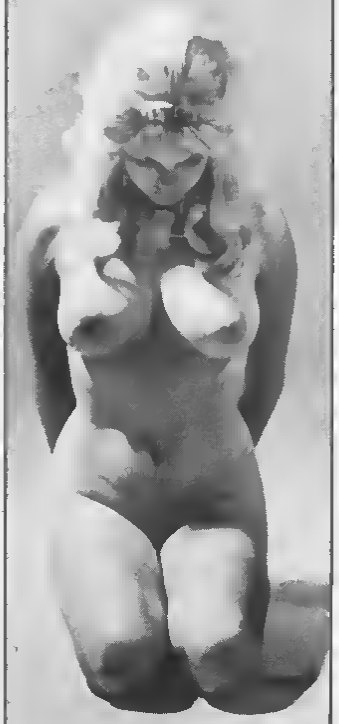
That night March permits Jill to console her and the two exchange kisses as Jill confesses her love for March.

Overhearing a violent argument between the girls, Paul leaves the house to guard the henhouse. The fox appears and Paul kills him, triumphantly holding the carcass for the girls to see.

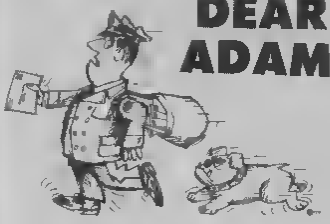
The following day March starts to chop down the old oak tree. Paul drives up in a truck and offers to help finish cutting down the tree. He warns Jill to move away, but she stubbornly refuses, and when the tree falls it strikes Jill, killing her.

The film ends with March selling the farm and Paul reassuring her that she will be happy. She looks at him and asks, "Will I?" As they drive away, all that's left is the pelt of the fox, flapping on the barn door where Paul nailed it.

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DEAR ADAM



GLOBAL GIRLIES

How about giving us more pictorials of international girls? Your spread on "Tasha" the Tartar girl was just a start, just a "sauce" like you said And that was fine And our regular "American" women are wonderful

But—how about Mexican-American, Negro, Japanese (Nisei), Creole, Indian (Sioux, Apache, etc)—not to mention Hawaiian, Eurasian, Chinese American, and all the rest of world femmines?

From one who is prejudiced in the direction of the female

Thor Whitman
Clearwater, Florida

Fellow bigot, we will do our best!

* * *

BOUQUET FROM BUSH COUNTRY

I am writing to you for two reasons One is to state how much I enjoy your ADAM "The Man's Home Companion" magazine I have been reading your magazine for years, at least over four The second reason is that I am one who works and lives in what is called the hush country of Canada I can only buy your magazine when I make my usual trip to Seattle every four months, and have trouble finding back copies, so I miss some issues Do you have any suggestions, since you don't seem to have subscriptions?

I have found that your magazine has not slipped in the quality of its stories (of which there should be at least four each month, nothing less) Nor in its pictures and articles and other features

I hope my letter has given you some thought to hash over your coffee and cigarettes when you are talking over ideas for future issues One thing more—how about a quarterly issue of *new* stories, not old ones?

P G Russell
North Vancouver,
B C, Canada

Thanks for your good words and counsel, which we will inevitably "hash over" You may get issues by writing to 1060 Melrose Avenue, Los Angeles 90046, Calif

* * *

ASSISTANCE, PLEASE

I am a disabled veteran who reports to the veterans' hospital three times a year for treatment This means I go by the only newsstand in town that handles ADAM three times I do not have any friends who travel this route to bring me the other copies that I miss Please start something so I may subscribe to ADAM and receive it monthly in the mail Thank you very much

Jim Robinson
Minneapolis, Minn

We are sorry that we are unable to offer subscriptions for ADAM at this time However, I am sure your newsstand dealer would be glad to hold copies for you

* * *

KEY NOTE

Several of my [illegible] employees suggested I write to [illegible] for an explanation concerning the enclosed comic cartoon (in ADAM, Vol 10, No 1) We honestly can't analyze it

Would you please do us the favor and explain the humor to us? The artist is De Carlo

O Gherardini
Centralia, Illinois

The cartoon depicts an explorer getting a key from inside a pyramid entrance door by means of the poke it through-the slid under the door-newspaper method If you will notice, the explorer's eyes have that hangover look In his condition, how can you expect him to remember to take the keys? Now, on further analysis maybe you're right!

* * *

HALF STEP AT A TIME, SHARP!

Would it be possible to have Lon Watson who wrote the article about Leslie Sharp ("The Gamine Gambit") who was ADAM's Eve in Vol. 11, No 12, get in touch with her and have her write to me? I'm quite serious as to this request as I'm presuming "Leslie Sharp" is her real or actual name I want to find out if we are related, as I'd be proud to have a lovely, gorgeous, beautiful relation as Leslie

I am on the level as to contacting Leslie to find if we are related

I'd be grateful for the follow up on the above by Lon Watson or anyone else who could get this ADAM's Eve to contact me

Charles M Sharp
Milwaukee, Oregon

We will forward the letter, but can't make any promises

* * *

A COLLECTOR

Could you supply me with some information concerning what you publish? Example—would you supply me with some pictures like that of ADAM 1968 Calendar? I'll be glad to pay you for them I collect them for my own personal use, and I love good photos, if taken right

Please supply me with other photos of the following girls which appeared in ADAM Calendar

(1) Tiffany Lund, (2) Anne Fontaine, (3) Suzanne O'Hara, (4) Darby Bridges (without pants), (5) Tisha Stevens, (6) Mickey Jines and (7) curvaceous Dominique St Joseph

David Hickamann
Jonesboro, Arkansas

We do not have a photograph service, but among our advertisers you will find picture suppliers to whom you may make inquiry

* * *

CRASH OF SYMBOLS

Whoever paints your new series, "ADAM Turns On History," is sure turned on himself to the phallic symbol In his Antony and Cleo painting in your last issue (Vol 12, No 1) I counted sword, stiff codpiece (loin leather), bird's beak, goatee, tassel on sword sheath, and probably more I missed

He also got in the female sheath with open winged bird in the essential place, swinging-out bell in the bird's mouth, bells in her hair, and of course the deep red enveloping cape

This artist also sure paints a sensual picture Who is he?

Dirk Strettguard
New Orleans

Earl Marshall is the artist, who was very turned on by your compliments

* * *

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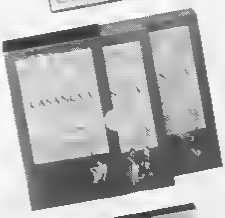
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The hang-up on the telephone saved him from getting hung up on the couch

A COMPANY MAN

by Jack Lynch

Gerald Benson turned up the defroster and glanced at the dashboard clock, noticing Miss Felton had opened her raincoat and crossed her long legs. Gerald wished she hadn't done that. But then she couldn't know how rainy days affected him.

"Is this clock right?" he asked

Miss Felton brushed back her coat sleeve. "Yes, it's almost two "

Gerald nodded, flexing his leather driving gloves as they climbed the 101 grade south of San Rafael. Probably they could make it back over the Golden Gate Bridge and down to

— turn the page



the plant in 45 minutes if they didn't get tied up in San Francisco traffic

The girl clasped her hands behind her head and scrunched down in the seat with her eyes closed and a relaxed smile on her lips Gerald felt a fleeting nervousness in the pit of his stomach He'd drawn Miss Felton from the steno pool on several occasions, usually to help out Miss Janis She'd always been most businesslike and efficient, enough so that despite her youth he'd about made up his mind to name her as his new secretary when Miss Janis left at the end of the month But today, more specifically since they had started the drive back, Miss Felton seemed like a different person. Or was it just his own reaction to her in the rain?

"Rain, rain, go away," he murmured

"What?" asked Miss Felton, opening her eyes

"It seems to be raining harder."

Miss Felton stretched her arms "Yes, There's something quite compelling about this sort of weather Don't you think?"

Dear God, thought Gerald

"Listen," he said impulsively, would you mind terribly if we swung past the house? I took home some work last evening and forgot it."

"Not at all," replied Miss Felton Gerald was conscious that she was staring at him "I'm rather enjoying all this."

His eyes narrowed as he slowed for the turnoff to Sir Francis Drake Boulevard What did she mean by that? Was it just getting out of the office for a while, taking notes during a luncheon meeting of the County Activities Council he presided over? Or did she mean being alone in a company car with Gerald Benson on a rainy day?

No, that was stupid Rather intriguing, but stupid. The girl couldn't be more than 23 or 24, while Gerald was nearly twice that, with the sort of face people tended to forget and a dollop of pink skin crowning his head At a stoplight he smoothed one hand across his scalp, glancing quickly at the girl One certainly didn't tend to forget Miss Felton's face She had high cheekbones guarding a long, perfectly formed nose with nostrils so delicately flared they might have been the work of a meticulous artisan of bone and flesh Her eyes were deep set and smoky, and while her sleek, black hair was clipped quite short, on either side it swooped low to brush her cheeks like miniature scimitars

Gerald sighed and concentrated once again on his driving, up Wolfe Grade, then into the circular drive leading to his hillside home

"It will take a few minutes to gather my papers," he explained, turning off the ignition "You can wait here if you'd like, or perhaps you'd be more comfortable inside."

She pursed her narrow lips and stared through the rain-streaked windshield toward the empty double garage.

"Frankly, Mr. Benson, I don't think I should have had that third martini before lunch." She flashed him a brief smile. "Perhaps if we could spare a few moments longer your wife could fix me a cup of coffee."

"Why you poor child, of course Oh, desk while Miss Felton crossed to the wide leather divan

"How very masculine," she observed He felt a quiet pride as the girl's dark eyes explored the room, from the bearskin rug in front of the fireplace to the hunting prints on the walls "Do you spend much time in here?"

"Quite a bit," he said "But you know what they say about all work and no play That's why I've installed most of the comforts – coffee maker, phone, portable bar, the divan – "

Gerald squatted before the fireplace "How about a little something to take the chill off?"



"Let's stick around for a while."

check that No she can't either She's shopping in the city today We're meeting there for dinner."

"I could do it myself," suggested Miss Felton, looking away

"Yes," said Gerald slowly "Yes, I guess you could at that."

Inside he hung their coats in the front closet, then led the girl to the rear of the house

"I keep all the fixings in my study," he explained, ushering the girl through the doorway

The room was dim, despite the spacious window which framed the distant ridges of Mt Tamalpais Gerald snapped on the study lamp at his

"Oh, I'd like that," said Miss Felton.

Gerald banked shavings and kindling against the remains of a log, then struck a fireplace match and held it aloft

"Fire when ready!" he cried.

"I beg your pardon?" asked Miss Felton

Gerald cleared his throat as he touched off the blaze

"Oh, nothing really," he explained awkwardly "Just a silly pattern my brain slips into from time to time."

The girl laughed pleasantly "You're cute," she murmured

My God, how long had it been since anybody had called him *cute*,

Gerald wondered, crossing to draw shut the drapes When he turned back to the room Miss Felton had settled on the divan and was staring at him She certainly set a fellow on edge, staring at him that way

"Well, the coffee maker's by the bar there, or – tell you what," said Gerald, studying the ship's wheel clock on the fireplace mantel, "it is after two, which won't leave much time for work this afternoon anyway. Um, would you rather have another martini?"

He'd said it rapidly to get it out before choking up It was wrong to suggest such a thing he knew, but he personally had a sudden, urgent craving for another martini Miss Felton didn't reply right away.

"I mean, don't think I'm trying to do anything improper," Gerald blurted

"Don't be embarrassed," said the girl. "I wouldn't think it improper at all In fact, I'd love another martini"

Gerald bounced toward the door "I'll get ice."

He hurried out to the kitchen, torn between remorse and delight Yes, that really was going a bit far, offering her another drink But dammit, the girl had accepted And what about that smile she flashed him on his way out of the room? Was it born of conspiracy or business camaraderie?

He opened the freezer compartment and stared at the three full trays of ice cubes He could still set it right Empty just one tray, fix them each a single martini, gather his papers and flee back to the office He hesitated, his mind and conscience struggling On the other hand, it might be an ideal opportunity to determine whether he and Miss Felton could function as a sensible business team on rainy days or in any other trying circumstances. Gerald shrugged and removed all three trays.

"The iceman cometh," announced Gerald, lugging the plastic bucket to the bar "Decided to bring plenty, in case you wanted yours over the rocks"

Miss Felton, now in her stocking feet, had crossed to peruse the titles in his bookcase

"Mixed in a pitcher will be fine," she said absently

Gerald bent diligently to the task Presently, Miss Felton wandered over to watch.

"Mmmmm Italian vermouth even You keep a well stocked bar, Mr Benson"

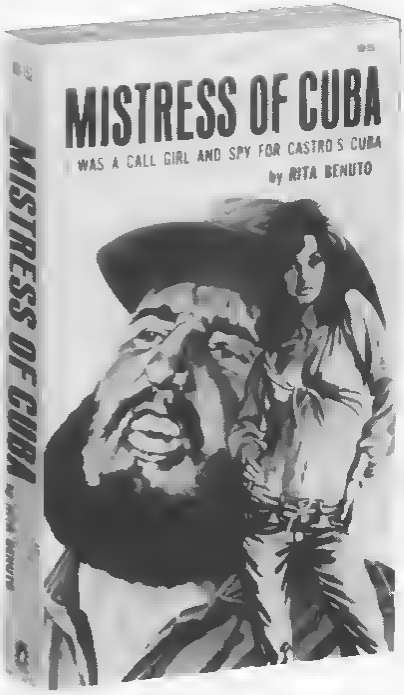
"*Semper Fi.*" Gerald grinned.

"What?"

"Oh God, no," he corrected him-

– *turn to page 64*

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The pip on the radar screen was climbing in like the real thing . . .

A MATTER OF A SOLDIER'S ETIQUETTE

by Gary Paulsen

The equipment room was silent except for the hum of rack upon rack of electronic range finding gear. Nine men—the fire controller, a lieutenant named Shell Hemesvedt, and eight technicians—stood or sat frozen, as though suddenly taken with paralysis. Here and there on a forehead could be seen a trickle of perspiration that left a glistening trail as it slid unnoticed down a cheek. ■ One man alone was moving. He was a private, and the plotter. Before him stood a large clear-plastic chart, crossed and recrossed with coordinates of the area surrounding the missile battery—a circle two hundred miles in diameter around Rapid City, South Dakota. The plotter was on a different

—turn the page

communications network from the other nine men—his own private hookup with the early-warning radar systems located in adjacent quadrants—and as he received target information he would reach up with a grease pencil and make illegible scrawls on the plastic map It was a point of quiet pride with the plotter that nobody but he could read the scrawls, and after jotting them, he would turn and say aloud what he'd written His last verbal plot is what had "frozen" the room, and he said it now again because he liked the effect it had — the startling effect

"Forty angels," the plotter intoned, carefully holding his voice in the proper, flat key "No course alter, bearing three-five-zero-zero mills."

"All right, all right, goddammit!" Lt Hemesvedt jerked to life and looked to the plot board "Affirm, affirm! I copy forty angels . . ." He turned to the man sitting next to him, the radar operator "Johnson?"

Johnson answered without looking up "Nothing on the scope yet, sir—but he's probably still out of our acq-circle anyway You don't think he's private, do you?"

"At forty thousand feet? You're kidding," Lt Hemesvedt snorted "I can just see one of these jackass ranchers horsing his little twin-Bonanza to forty angels . . ." He tapered off and turned suddenly to the communications technician "Simpson—cue in the SAC show at Ellsworth and have them run a quick check on any incoming commercial airlines It's coming out of the north, across Canada, dead at our site. Tell them if they haven't got one on the docket, they'd better scramble some fighters *We* sure as hell don't know who he is"

"I've got him," Johnson cut in. "Range two hundred thousand yards, bearing thirty-five hundred, altitude thirty-nine-five angels, airspeed—" He broke off and counted sweeps on the scope, measuring the time between sweeps against the movement of the pip on the bright orange line of the sweep, "—seven-forty knots"

Lt Hemesvedt watched the scope over his shoulder "He's making commercial airline speed, isn't he?"

"Yessir," Johnson answered "Or bomber . . ."

"All right now, take it easy," Shell sighed "Break off him and look around for any others. Let's see what we've got out there before we come off the walls with predictions"

While Johnson scanned, Shell let his mind wander briefly over the possibilities OK, he thought, we've got an unidentified target — we've got a bogie So what? It's happened before —and often What's the big sweat? It's probably just a com-airline jet blown off course . . .

"Sir," the communications tech called from the other end of the room "SAC says no airlines are scheduled for that spot at the present time They also say no airlines have reported a plane off course . . ."

"So are they going to scramble or sit on their duffs?"

"Negative—no scramble The unit is in the process of transferring and there was a mix-up in schedules or something All scramble jets left two hours ago for the new base—and no new ones have arrived Stand by, they're hacking at me again—" He held up his hand

"Johnson,"—Shell took advantage of the break—"Trigger him with a little IFF If they're so screwed up down there that they don't have any scramble-birds that bastard coming in could be one of *our* guys—"

"Sir," the communications tech interrupted "Sir, there's a colonel on the line A Colonel Bradshaw He's the SAC commander for the new unit that's coming in—"

"All right, we don't have time for biographies," Shell snapped "What does he say?"

"Range, one-hundred-and-fifty K-yards," Johnson cut in "Closing with no course-alter Negative return on IFF"

"He says," the communication tech's voice cracked, "you are cleared to fire if necessary Use your own discretion."

"He *what?*" In two strides Shell was at the side of the communications tech and had torn away the headset

"Sir," he said "Begging the Colonel's pardon, but would he please repeat that order for the benefit of the fire director's ears?"

The nasal twang that come from the headset rang with authority. "I stated that as commander of this base I am authorizing you to fire if you deem it necessary to protect this base from enemy attack I realize that this may place undue responsibilities—"

"Thank you, sir" Shell tried with little success to keep the sarcasm out of his words and handed the headset



"Look, Moe, I'm busy with your wife now When I want your opinion, I'll ask for it"

back to the communications tech. Jesus, he thought—Jesus, Jesus, *Jesus*—right out of the book "I stated that as commander—" Jesus! And if it turned out to be an airliner, a hundred people wouldn't even see it coming and the ten men in this room would probably go insane dreaming about women and kids being turned to cinders and *he* would hang . .

"One hundred thousand yards" Johnson yelled "Target climbing Altitude forty-one angels"

Climbing! That was the maneuver of a nuclear-armed bomber on target approach "Climbing-in," they called it, and it was performed to put the plane at maximum altitude over target to escape the heat of the nuclear fireball That settled it, Shell knew He had only yes-answers for a kill order

"Arm!" he yelled down the room "Arm all circuits. Move to situation Red—repeat, Red. Twelve seconds to firing on my mark—mark!"

Reflexes—well trained and polished—grabbed the group of men and made them perform smoothly, almost gracefully, as they went about the deadly business of firing an antiaircraft missile Down on the pad, one second after the controller's time-mark, the sleek, white nose of an armed missile armed itself into the sky and automatically set its gyros for a correct base line to the unsuspecting aircraft

"Five seconds!" Shell shouted, and his finger, almost by itself, extended and flicked up the red hood over the fire-button. A quiet sort of single-minded purpose took him then—at five seconds—and he felt a dull horror when he realized that all he really had to worry about was the action involved in a half a second He had done everything down to the actual act of firing so many times he could do it in his sleep—and often had

"Three seconds!" his eyes watched approvingly as Johnson turned up the intensity of the scope to show the burst brighter when it occurred

"Two—one—fire!"

"Missile away!"

And the second was over—carried through by reflexes. The bird was on its way—or the hammer had started to fall on a pistol, the two were much the same The missile would go up, drop its booster, and "walk its own brain to the target." Lt. Hemesvedt carefully watched the burst countdown clock that told seconds to impact There would be a slight "drag" in time about ten seconds before burst, while the missile made a last-second correction

"Pre-burst!" Johnson suddenly split the tense quiet—his eyes riveted to the scope "She blew too soon! Christ! Look at her smear!"

Halfway to the light blip of the plane, a splash of yellow-orange gushed down the sweep-line and flared out as the missile detonated early and the radar beam picked up the debris and fireball of the explosion

Lt Hemesvedt knew there wasn't time to get another bird on the pad and up before the plane made its final run. But instead of feeling depressed, a strange elation took his mind If it was a bomber, he'd tried to stop it—he'd performed his mission—and in failing he almost deserved to be consumed in the fireball that would most certainly follow. It was the simple statement of the etiquette of a soldier in combat—screw-up and die

If on the other hand, he thought, leaning back and closing his eyes—quietly ready for whatever would shortly happen—it was a civilian airline, no damage would be done A hundred innocent people would remain alive

"Lost target!" Johnson exclaimed. "It went over us. Stand by—" He spun a handwheel, then smiled "Resume track on the down leg No bomb drop on scope."

So, it *had* to be a commercial airplane Ah, thought Lt. Hemesvedt, sweet hellish fate—those people would never know how close they came to being ashes. He handed a cigarette to Johnson, took one himself, and lit them both with shaking hands

"Sir," the communications tech yelled, "The colonel's on the hook again"

"Tell him we missed—reason unknown at this time. Or better yet, we missed due to technical problems beyond the control of even our finest technicians—that ought to hold him"

"He says he knows you missed, sir He says it was all a test—to see if our site is ready if the balloon goes up, or something like that."

"A test? You mean the plane was a drone?"

"Yes sir—that's what the colonel says. And sir?"

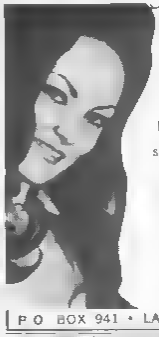
"Yeah—"

"He says you flunked."

Adam



"Sixteen—shmixteen! I say if they're big enough, they're old enough."



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Queen, *from page 13*

See my charms
See my bell clapper
Sausage grinder
To the sound of this instrument
I play a beautiful carillon"

Antoinette "Ah! Chevalier, I shall not answer in verse. (She exposes and opens the gates to the temple of love.) "I speak only prose. No one but you has such a talent for being both a good poet and a good lover. However, it is due to the second title that I open the gate. Come now, enter."

Chevalier de B— (holding his priapus in his hand) "Love made me a poet. It is you who inspired me with those verses. Ah! Sweet and happy moment!" (He lies upon her. The Baron, the Marquess and the Bishop sodomize each other while waiting their turns.)

Antoinette (speaking to the sodomites) "You wicked queers, how impatient you are! Shouldn't you have waited until the Chevalier finished his work? Then you could have injected your genital broth into my cauldron."

The Bishop. "I've still got some and even more than you require. I've got enough to fill up your pot."

Later, in this same charming bit of character assassination, Marie Antoinette and the Cardinal of Rohan are alone, discussing the recent scandal over the diamond necklace affair. Rohan says he understands why he was in disfavor with Marie, that she wanted to go to bed with him and he couldn't manage it because he'd been to bed with her four times that day. The play ends with a slam at the parentage of Marie's children, as the Cardinal takes her off to bed promising to make her mother to a new duke of Normandy.

It is with such material that Marie Antoinette of France has been linked with the great nymphomaniacs of history. Yet, she does not seem to fit the image one would create in one's mind when thinking of a highly sexed woman. A bust of Marie by Sevres in her boudoir at Fontainebleau shows her to have been small mouthed, with a large nose. At one time she took up classically inspired styles, curling her hair in antique ringlets. David's sketch, *Marie Antoinette on the Way to Execution,* shows a hatchet broad with a big nose, tight lips, stringy hair, bulbous breasts, dressed in what appears to be a nightcap. David, of course, was the artist of the revolution and would automatically have been prejudiced against the queen. Nor does a lack of personal beauty guarantee that a woman of position cannot gain

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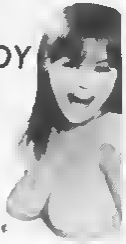
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a reputation as a lover The historian Durant said of Messalina, "Her head was flat, her face florid, her chest malformed, but a woman need not be beautiful to commit adultery"

Simple adultery by a person of high position in the Eighteenth Century was not enough to earn a reputation as that owned by Marie Antoinette Had times been better, she may have been a glamour figure of the caliber of the mistress of Louis XV, Madame du Barry Had Marie enjoyed a better home life with her husband, the King, she would not have, perhaps, gathered around her such people as Yolande de Polastron, Comtesse de Polignace, who was reputed to have rather wild sexual appetites, nor would she have tempted into caprices by the playful Princesse De Lamballe She did, however, seek amusement in happy times before the revolution so that the popular writers, "the frogs along the Seine", had some facts on which to sting their fancies

As a result, we must weed fiction from fact before deciding whether or not Marie Antoinette cut as wide a swath in the fields of the boudoir as did the famous courtesans of history who preceded her

Did Marie Antoinette go to the guillotine a wronged woman with pictures of horror in her mind? They paraded under her window with the head of her friend, Lamballe, on a spit. Or did she die a woman who had tested all of life's forbidden pleasures? Was she truly pictured in another song of her time?

> Without fear of the King
> Let's make love through the night
> To play out your role
> Take my tool in your hand
> In your redish charms
> I enjoy
> The most exqusit bhss
> As I bed the Queen of France.

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Company, *from page 57*

self "That's Marines What I meant to say was *Semper Per,* the Coast Guard thing"

"What Coast Guard thing?"

"Their Latin motto," Gerald explained, his hand trembling slightly as he raised the vermouth bottle, "*Semper Peratus.* Means 'Always Ready'"

"Oh really," murmured Miss Felton

The girl returned to the divan as Gerald poured the drinks She had tucked her long legs beneath her, letting her skirt slide above her knees, and was lighting a cigarette as Gerald carried over the glasses He handed her one and hesitated, not knowing whether to join her on the divan or to move across to his desk

"Are you comfortable enough?" he asked. "I could turn up the heat."

"No, I'm fine," she said, patting the cushion beside her He settled a careful three feet away from her as she sipped from the drink

"Oh, wow You fix a nice martini, Mr Benson"

"Call me Gerald, if you like. By the way, Miss Felton, what is your first name?"

"Jody"

"Oh That's nice, also"

The girl laughed "Poor Gerald Why are you so up tight?"

"So what?"

"Tense Nervous."

He shrugged "It goes with the executive position, I suppose"

Her eyes twinkled over the rim of the martini glass "Tell me something, Gerald Outside you called me, 'you poor child' Do you really think of me as a child?"

"Oh God, no," said Gerald, brushing one hand across the top of his head "It's ah a form of speech is all No, I definitely don't consider you a child, Miss Felton Jody"

He bolted the rest of the drink, and as if it were a cue, the girl finished her own

"Do you have a radio or anything?"

Gerald rose and crossed the room to manipulate the panel of switches beside his desk Wall speakers concealed behind his hunting prints flooded the room with Jackie Gleason's *Music to Make Love By* He could have kicked himself for not remembering he'd had that tape on But it was old enough, perhaps she wouldn't recognize it.

"It's my own tape system," he explained "I'm afraid I really pamper myself in here"

"Why not?" Jody asked "And why not fix up another drink while you're up?"

"Of course," said Gerald, crossing to retrieve her glass She didn't release it immediately Their fingers touched around the crystal stem

"Gerald," she said softly, "did you ever bring Miss Janis here? Before you hired her, I mean?"

The muscles in Gerald's face tightened "Why no, I don't believe so Why do you ask?"

The girl released the glass to lean back with her hands clasped behind her head It drew her blouse tautly across her breasts

"It's no secret that Miss Janis is leaving," the girl explained calmly "And you've requested me from the steno pool enough times so I suspected I might be in the running to replace her"

"That's right," admitted Gerald "You are"

The girl lifted one shoulder, "I'm just curious about how hard I should run"

Gerald had a momentary urge to excuse himself and go hide in the bathroom, but marshaling more courage than he ordinarily displayed in a month's time, he asked, "How hard are you willing to run?"

"As hard as you'd like, Gerald"

Gerald turned and crossed to the bar. My God, but she certainly couldn't be much more explicit than that He stood gripping the bar edge, as primal urges he'd tucked deeply away years ago, like fading linen in a closet, began bubbling through him His imagination painted stark portraits of his and Jody Felton's naked bodies locked in heaving euphoria on the divan, her long legs and quivering flanks, her round, trim bottom he'd admired so many times moving about the office

The gin bottle slipped from his hands and he scrambled on the floor for it, but the girl paid no notice to his clumsiness She sat in the same relaxed position, watching, waiting

"There are — problems," he said quietly, concentrating on the stir bowl

"What problems?" she asked softly

"Oh God, you know About mixing business with pleasure"

"Crap," said Jody Felton, stabbing out her cigarette "Are you really that blind to what goes on, Gerald?"

"Whatever do you mean?"

"In the steno pool, we refer to ourselves as 'The Harem'"

Gerald shook his head as he returned with the drinks to settle some distance from her "I've always thought of myself as a company man," he said thoughtfully, "Things like that were never tolerated Not in major firms"

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"Things like that were never so easy."

"How do you mean?"

The girl tilted her head, studying him, as if she had difficulty finding him real "I mean the pill, and the loop, and changing values and mores My heavens, Mr Benson, where have you been?"

"I don't know," said Gerald, staring into his drink "It doesn't seem right, somehow Not for a company man"

"How about the convention scene, Gerald?"

"Hmmm?"

"The convention scene You know, during the day all of the respectable out-of-town business types having their little meetings, then at night the pitter-patter of pretty young ladies up and down the hotel corridors"

"Oh heavens, that's entirely different We don't all do it, for one thing, and besides, it's a diversion Like sailors on leave"

"It's still going to bed with a girl you hardly know."

"But there's safety in that alone, don't you see?"

"I suppose you've never encountered husbands and wives on the executive level trying to make out with somebody else's husband or wife?" She'd lit another cigarette and blew a thin stream of smoke toward Gerald's face

"Oh yes," he replied gloomily "There's always that But those things always turn out so sticky, somehow, Unless they're terribly discreet"

The girl picked up her drink and sipped from it "What could be more discreet than this?" she asked softly

The Gleason tape had ended, and was followed by a lively Tijuana Brass number Jody Felton leaned back on the pillows and began moving her shoulders in time to the music

Gerald rose shakily to his feet, took a step away, then turned back to the girls, passing one hand across his scalp "But why me? Why do you want an old duffer like me?"

Jody, with her eyes closed, continued moving her body in time with the music. "I told you, I want Miss Jans' job And more — you're not that old. I just like men, Gerald You are a man, aren't you?"

He had to turn away from the sight of her, and crossed to the bar Could he trust her? Could he avoid sticky emotional involvements? She was right, of course Other people in the plant did it, he knew full well He'd just refused to think about it He'd been loyal to wife and company for twenty years Perhaps foolishly so,

— *turn the page*



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stifling perfectly normal drives during the best part of his life.

The girl was wise beyond her years, Gerald decided. He was yes, by God, a man. Under more fortuitous circumstances, perhaps the sort of fellow Hemingway could have written about. He turned, his resolve growing more firm.

The girl continued her sensual twisting with her eyes closed as he strode back across the room. She sensed his presence, and stretched out her legs, making room for him beside her. He put one knee on the edge of the divan. His hands lightly caressed her swaying shoulders. She kept her eyes closed, but a warm, waiting smile bloomed on her young lips as she raised her face toward him. Gerald closed his eyes and began the slow, sweet glide of his mouth toward hers.

The telephone rang and Gerald froze.

Jody Felton opened her eyes and stared at him calmly. "Are you going to answer it?"

Gerald sighed and straightened. "For whom the bell tolls," he muttered.

"Hello."

"Hello?" said a woman's voice. "Could I have the stocking department, please?"

"I beg your pardon?" asked Gerald, switching off the tape.

"I have a question about stockings. Could I have that department, please?"

"I haven't any idea what you're talking about," exclaimed Gerald, giving Miss Felton a shrug.

"This is Penney's, isn't it?"

"No, this is the Felton residence — I mean Benson residence."

"Oh, I'm so sorry. I must have dialed wrong."

"That's quite all right," said Gerald.

He dropped the receiver sharply into its cradle. "Wrong number."

Jody nodded, and turned to fluff the pillows beside her.

"Would you like another drink?" Gerald asked.

"Still have one, thanks. But how about the music?"

Gerald flicked the switch. It was still Tijuana Brass.

"Perhaps you'd prefer something more soothing," he suggested.

"Huh-uh. Love doesn't have to be all smoldering violins and syrupy passion, Gerald. It can be just plain fun. Like the music."

Gerald cleared his throat. He'd never thought of it quite like that. It'd always been deadly serious with him, like his wife, or his job.

"Sure you're not ready for a drink?"

"Gerald," she said a bit impatiently, "come over here."

He crossed the room with a self-conscious grin. He'd never had any idea this sort of thing could be so exciting. Or easy.

"Take off your tie, why don't you?" she suggested. "Get comfy."

He did as she said, throwing it to a nearby chair, then stood over her with what he hoped was a gleam in his eye.

"Now, where was I?"

"Right about here," said Jody, holding out her arms like a stage manager blocking a position for Gerald to snuggle into. He had one knee on the divan when the phone rang.

"Oh God, now what?"

He pushed off as Jody's arms dropped to her sides.

"Hello," snapped Gerald.

"Is this Penney's?" asked the same woman's voice.

Gerald settled on the edge of the desk. "No, it certainly is not."

"Oh my, is this the party I had before? The Felton residence?"

"Benson."

"Yes, Benson. Well I'm terribly sorry, Mr. Benson. I was so careful this time, I hunted around until I found my glasses, wrote down the number, dialed carefully. . ."

Her voice trailed off as Gerald glanced at the ceiling. She sounded like an older woman.

"I see," he replied. Jody Felton had rolled onto her stomach and was staring at him with her chin propped on her hands. She reached out for her martini.

"Well," said the woman, "I guess I'll just have to try again."

"Yes, why don't you do that. And I'll do the same."

"Yes, well good-bye, Mr. Benson, and thank you."

"Good-bye."

Gerald replaced the receiver, but he didn't move from the edge of the desk. He waited with folded arms.

"Can't we just ignore it?" asked the girl.

"God, I could never do that. Around phones I'm like Pavlov's dog."

"Isn't there some way to disconnect it?"

Gerald shook his head. "I could leave the receiver off the hook, but the phone people would only put on one of those damn wailing signals. . ."

He was interrupted by the ringing



"Chicken!"

phone

"Hello."

"Oh, Mr. Benson, don't tell me I've gone and done it again."

Gerald switched off the music. "You certainly have, Mrs ...."

"Cartwright."

"Mrs Cartwright. Really now, I can't understand this. Surely Penney's isn't listed under my number Pumice two-seven ."

"Oh no, I haven't been dialing that. It's Stockton ."

"Stockton?" asked Gerald. "Isn't that a San Francisco exchange?"

"Yes, I'm calling Penney's in San Francisco. You see, I wanted a pair of work socks to send my boy for his birthday. He's in Alaska, you know."

"No, I didn't know that."

"Yes it's been nearly a year now."

"My word. But about the stockings . ."

"Yes, well I don't know what his size is any longer. I have such trouble remembering ."

"Uh-huh."

Jody Felton, still lying on her stomach and sipping from her drink, was slowly raising and lowering one leg.

"So I wanted to find a pair of stretch type work socks," continued Mrs Cartwright. "You know, so they will fit any size foot."

"Yes."

"But Penney's down here in Corte Madera doesn't have any. They suggested I try phoning their store in the city."

"Perhaps that explains the difficulty," said Gerald, motioning for Miss Felton to bring over her drink. He sipped from the glass and handed it back. Jody turned the glass deliberately to sip from the side he had before returning to the divan. Gerald loosened his collar another button.

"Did you dial the numeral 'one' in front of the San Francisco number?" he asked.

"Dial 'one?' Whatever for?"

"It's something to do with this computer mumbo jumbo," he explained. "If you dial an exchange outside of your immediate calling area, you dial 'one' first. Why don't you try that, Mrs. Cartwright?"

"Oh I will, and thank you so much, Mr. Benson. I just have a terrible time with these things since Mr. Cartwright passed on. You've been very kind."

"That's quite all right. And Mrs. Cartwright?"

"Yes?"

"If that doesn't work, just dial the operator and ask her to place the call for you. All right?"

— turn to page 68

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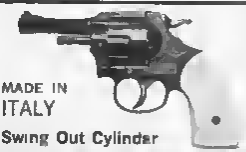
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Company, *from page 67*

"Yes, that's a thought. Thank you again."

"Good-bye, Mrs. Cartwright."

He lowered the receiver gently. "Truth is stranger than fiction," he sighed. He crossed the room to pick up the empty glass. "Ready for another martini?"

"Why not?" said Jody. "It's something to do between phone calls."

"I'm sorry about all this," said Gerald kindly.

"That's encouraging," replied the girl, stubbing out her cigarette. "Where's the powder room?"

"Down the hall. Second door on the left."

She held out one hand for him to help her up. "Don't go away," she murmured, kissing him lightly on the cheek. She picked up her handbag and padded out of the room.

Instead of returning to the bar Gerald settled on the divan. The clock already said 3:30. He leaned back his head, closed his eyes and listened to the rain pounding against the glass behind the drapes. With utter certainty he knew there never would be another opportunity like this. More than ever he was convinced that the girl was right. It could be fun and carefree and abandoned. It didn't have to be all smothered in fear and myth. And she was the perfect one to demonstrate this. A fresh breeze of joyous youth, eager to brush off the cobwebs of inhibition, making him a live man rather than a company lump.

He gripped his temples between both hands.

He didn't hear Jody return, but felt the cushions sag as she knelt beside him.

"Here, let me do that, Gerald," she said softly.

Gerald went limp, letting the girl's cool hands caress the sides of his head. God, but she certainly had it all over Miss Jarvis.

"No more phone calls?" she whispered beside his ear.

"No more phone calls," said Gerald, his hands reaching out to grope the girl's body.

Jody's hands stopped their movement, but continued holding his head. He opened his eyes just as the girl covered his mouth with her own, her tongue darting and teasing. They tumbled back side by side on the divan. Gerald's hand found a gap where the girl's blouse had become unbuttoned. His hand probed, and he was pleasantly startled to find the girl had removed her bra while in the bathroom. Her breasts were delicious to hold. Not overly large, but ideal for her slender figure, the flesh warm and compact in his hand. As the girl wriggled half atop him her skirt rode high on her lean legs, revealing that she had removed much more than her bra. His hand enfolded the squirming mound of one buttock, and she moaned pleasurably at his growing strength. Gerald raised his head. Jody's eyes opened, flashing excitement, her rapid breathing matched his own.

"Now or never," gasped Gerald, covering her neck with kisses.

The telephone rang and Gerald's body convulsed.

The girl sighed and rolled away. "Apparently never," she murmured.

"So help me God . . ." swore Gerald, pushing himself off the divan.

"Mrs. Cartwright!" he exploded into the receiver.

"Oh, Mr. Benson . . ." There was a sharp sob over the line, Gerald slumped into the chair behind his desk.

"All right, all right, Mrs. Cartwright. It can't be all that bad. What's the problem?"

"Well," she sniffed. "I dialed 'one' as you suggested. At least I think I did. And an operator came onto the line. She said she was a special intercept operator for people who dialed 'one' when they weren't supposed to or didn't dial 'one' when they should."

"How's that?"

"Anyway, she said to do it opposite of how I had just done it, so I hung up and tried calling again without the 'one.'"

"That's when you got me this time?"

"No, I got the same operator again. She said maybe I'd been mistaken about dialing 'one' the first time and to try it again. Do you follow?"

"I guess so."

Miss Felton had lit another cigarette and was back mixing at the martini bowl.

"I told the operator of the difficulty I'd been having and asked if she would place the call for me."

"And?"

"She said it wasn't her job."

Jody Felton tossed off the drink and crossed to stand directly in front of him with her hands on her hips. He closed his hand over the receiver.

"This is it, Gerald," she said slowly. "It's either me or that goddam telephone."

"Mr. Benson, are you there?"

"Yes, Mrs. Cartwright, go on," said Gerald with a helpless gesture.

"Well," explained Mrs. Cartwright, "I hung up finally and dialed zero for the other operator, like you suggested."

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Miss Felton shook her head slowly and crossed to her handbag, removing her blouse on the way. She pulled her bra from her handbag, slipped into it, then replaced her blouse, crossing to stand in front of Gerald as she slowly buttoned it.

"Mr. Benson?"

"What did the operator say, Mrs. Cartwright?"

"She asked if I had the number in San Francisco. Well, I had lost it in the confusion, so she connected me with San Francisco information."

"And they gave it to you?"

"Yes, but it was all numbers and I didn't have a pencil handy. By the time I had hung up and dialed the operator again, I had forgotten them."

Gerald took a deep breath. Miss Felton had adjusted her blouse, and now casually raised her skirt to step into her panties. My God, but she had lovely legs. Looking up she saw Gerald watching her. Staring him straight in the eye she snapped the elastic band against her bare stomach before whirling and leaving the room.

"Mrs. Cartwright, what is your number?"

She told him.

"Now just wait next to your phone. Don't move."

"What are you going to do, Mr. Benson?"

"Not what I'd like to, I can assure you."

He broke the connection and quickly placed his calls, first to San Francisco information, then to the Penney's store. He directed the switchboard operator to give him the stocking department, then explained his problem, evoking a pledge from the sales clerk that she would phone Mrs. Cartwright immediately.

Gerald dropped the receiver just as Miss Felton reappeared in the study doorway wearing her raincoat.

"My boyfriend's picking me up at five," she said flatly.

"You just don't understand how it is with a ringing phone . . ."

"My boyfriend had his taken out."

Gerald's shoulders sagged. He rose wearily and lumbered across to get his tie, then followed her down the hallway, tugging on his suitcoat. She waited at the door as he pulled on his raincoat and smoothed down the hair across the top of his scalp. As he opened the front door for her, the telephone back in the study began ringing. This time Gerald ignored it, fixing Miss Felton with an anguished smile.

"Time flies," he said lamely.

"What hath God wrought?" replied Miss Felton, sweeping past him.

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A few puffs on the manly art of pipesmanship

Along with some sixteen million other males in the United States today, this somewhat browned-out fun-lover is striving toward advanced "tobaccism" on a briar pipe, said tobacco habit in this form having developed into an incurable mania for which no remedy is known. Most of us, naturally, need a good habit, if not a tobacco monkey on our back, as it lends a certain zestful challenge to an otherwise colorless existence. Besides, there is hardly another minor vice that will give more comfort or pungent companionship as the price of enslavement. Nine million of us are hooked and smoke nothing but the pipe. Another seven million supplement the habit with cigars - "thy naked beauties, " the poet, Lord Byron, called them. Few fall back on cigarettes, which taste like burning paper after the more robust experience with pipe fumes, and there we have the answer to how to kick cigarettes, if indeed, that is an answer. The fact is, though, that we can quit cigarettes and go to the pipe, but we can't go back again, and the only way out of the whole affair is into hemp or opium, which is also smoked in a pipe.

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– turn the page

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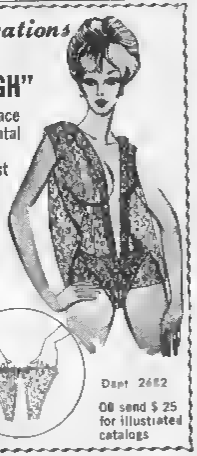
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Knocker, *from page 75*

nausea, vomiting, headache, drowsiness, a loose bowel, weakness and slow pulse Death comes with paralysis of the nerve endings of the muscles, principally the involuntary muscles What saves millions of us red-blooded (if somewhat slow-pulsed) American males is the fact that nicotine is volatilized in the pipe and hence most of it floats away on the breeze (Or into the living room curtains) Of all varieties of tobacco users, pipe smokers inhale the least However, the pipe itself can become mysteriously and incurably poisoned—nicotinic—and has to be thrown away.

It is only the beginning smoker, the novice pipeman, who suffers nausea, leaking spit, sweating, vomiting and increased peristalsis It is no worse than the pains a virgin suffers on defloration, and the unpleasantness is similarly shortly transformed by repetition of the act to periods of prolonged pleasure and satisfaction Habitual performers on the root seldom experience discomfort in the ordinary course of their relationship with the pipe, and only those who grossly overdo it complain of palpitation of the heart, nervous and digestive disturbances—nothing that a good shot of Pepto Bismol won't clear up We pay little attention also to the fact that our heart will stop—for one beat—occasionally This is caused by smoking and is called *extrasystole* by doctors It is really an extra heartbeat, but the heart pauses to rest after the heavy beat caused by irritation to the ventricle, and it feels like a dropped beat This is absolutely nothing to be alarmed about, we lay off too much smoking and too much coffee for a while and it goes away According to Dr Logan Clendening, the so-called "smoker's heart" is another affliction that is either "neurosis or a myth" Authorities do say, however, that strong smoke will often relieve an attack of asthma, and again, can be an excellent physic, if we happen to suffer from either of those congestions

We realize in our relationship to the manly art of pipemanship the civilized difference between salivation and plain drooling. The former is stimulated by nicotine, the latter the manifestation of a personality defect, an urbane smoker keeps the spit from running down the shank into his bowl If he doesn't he gets a wet dottle, the whole shebang starts to gurgle and slop, and sooner or later he sucks a slug of nasty brown and bitter pookie into his neck—gloog!—and it is heave-ho, lunches away! We need only recall Old King Cole, that merry

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old soul, who called for his pipe and called for his bowl (for he must have been a drooler) and it took three fiddlers to diddle him out of his funk.

In the bottom of the bowl, in the heel of the pipe, is an unsmoked mass, moist from condensate, with no filtering in between. If we begin to suck in hot sparks, we know we have gone much too far. Cigarette smokers throw away butts, cigar smokers discard the last one-third, and pipe smokers knock out their dottle. We don't smoke the filter or the remaining portion of tobacco that serves as a filter. We knock out the dottle, never let it stay there, especially if hot and wettish, and further, take to the shank and stem with a cleaner. We never set the hot pipe on a cold surface lest it crack open. That stuff leaking out could cause serious damage to household goods.

A patented filter in the shank is nice if we change it frequently, but otherwise it collects noxious liquids that settle in the heel. Another goo collector is the little aluminum nodule fitted into the stem by the manufacturer that is supposed to condense mephitic vapors, and the glop that collects is supposed to show us how swell it was that we didn't take it into our mouth. But we are supposed to *vaporize* the stuff, that's the idea of smoking and the whole idea of condensers is a fallacy, resulting at best in sloppy heel and at worst, involuntary peristalsis. We extract these foreign objects from a new pipe forthwith, enough collects naturally, without artificial help. We are an hygienic lot, very clean of habit and mind.

In an emergency, lacking a pipe-cleaner, we use match sticks, wires, hairpins, ignition keys, penknives, toothpicks, letter openers, ballpoint pens and other makeshifts to clear the draw and unblock the passage, clogged by the wrong kind of tobacco, drooling, or bad loading. We will do anything to get the thing going again, we might even pull out the bit and clear it by blowing it into a paper napkin. Then we go down into the shank with our improvised canula and afterwards wipe *that* on the filthied napkin. When the lines are clear we can put the napkin through a meat-grinder and smoke that. Sanitation is an art to be practiced unless we want to go into the hemlock bit.

These problems dictate the kind of pipes we favor. Obviously the Sherlock Holmes style curved-stem pipe multiplies the cleaning technique and we get into roto-rooting and

— *turn to page 80*


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ADAM'S TALES

ALSO IN THE MEADOWS

There was the flower girl who grew wild in the woods.

• • •

HOT BORSCHT CIRCUIT

The girls go to the mountain resorts to look for husbands — and the husbands go to look for girls

• • •

HONEYMOON HAZARD

They went to Niagara Falls, and she found it wasn't as big as she expected, either

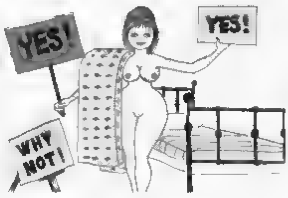
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She was cocky and high priced, so she was called the proud bird with the golden tail

• • •



POWDER ROOM PUFF

The two girls had left their dates at the table in the nightclub to refresh their makeup in the ladies lounge. One was good looking, the other a little plain, and a little jealous of the other's popularity. To needle her, she asked, "Do you really know why you're so popular?"

The sharp-looking girl, admiring herself in the mirror, said smugly, "My complexion?"

"No."

"How about my shape?"

"No."

"Personality?"

"No."

Vexed, she said, "I give up."

"Right."

• • •

LOW MILEAGE

"Now here," said the enterprising used furniture salesman, "is a bed just like new that was owned by a little old lady in Pasadena."

• • •

GOOD GUESS

"If I do say yes," she whispered huskily, "will you still love me after we're married?"

He hesitated, then said cautiously, "I believe so, because I've always been fond of married women."

• • •



WISDOM OF THE FAR EAST

A young French woman journalist, eager to partake of every possible experience, one evening ran into a handsome devil of an oriental type in a bar

Learning of her search for the unusual, he murmured, "If you will come with me, mademoiselle," and sighed languorously, "I will love you a la Pakistan."

"Delighted," she said, "And what might a la Pakistan be?"

"Oh," he averred, "it is absolutely marvelous!"

Overcome with curiosity, the young lady went along to his apartment, which turned out to be furnished almost entirely of silky cushions strewn about in luxuriant confusion.

"Just relax," he said hypnotically, and he retired to another chamber She stretched out expectantly across several cushions, redolent of spice and incense, and eagerly awaited his return

He came in shortly in a gold brocade tunic and a white silk turban and sank languorously down beside the young woman, bent close to her and whispered, "I will now caress your navel with my tongue."

She sat up, dismayed "What," she cried, "is that all?"

He smiled unperturbed, and added, "From the inside, of course."

• • •



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Knocker, *from page 77*

plumbing snakes. The curved-stem job doesn't do much to enhance the youthful profile either, chaps with mustaches like them, though, especially our Canadian friends. Also physics professors. But there are other choices dictated by expediency, we choose the push-in style bits over the screw-in kind characterized by a silver band at the joint. The metal threading and the rest of it, again, condenses the goo inside. We have to unscrew after every smoke and decontaminate the area. Constantly separating the stem from the shank wears out the fit, resulting in early stem flab-out, and we kill the thing we love. We learn to knock dottle by holding the pipe short, lest we crack off the stem and the whole thing is kapootz.

Ignoring the calabash smokers, who are intent only in reducing their ivory-colored gourd to a nut brown, we briar addicts strive to make cake in our wood. That is, we smoke and smoke and after a time we start building up a crust on the inner surfaces of our bowl. This is supposed to mellow the smoke, insulate against heat, thus protecting the "absorbency" of the wood, and provide us with a realizable goal of achievement. The idea is to cake it evenly, all the way down, but since we don't smoke down to the last dregs, the cake all forms in the top two-thirds. At this point, if we have steamers and cleaners, we now need reamers, and thus we are reamed, steamed and cleaned. We pare down some, not all, of the cake, unless we are ostentatious with the girls about our mystic rites and we have a pipe so caked up we cannot force the little finger down the pit. Lots of cake means "veteran smoker" to lots of guys, and they wear it like a badge.

The nervous suck happens to be a common hazard in this game, causing an incineration like a welding flame in the bowl, and this is where the stinging tongue bite is born. It likewise destroys whatever absorbent or "breathing" quality the pipe has. If pipe smokers seem to be largely calm, thoughtful people, it is only because the nervous types burn themselves out of the game in its early stages, leaving only the most easygoing. The nervous ones bite through their bits and chew off their stems, they smoke more matches than tobacco, lighting and relighting their shag, and try to smoke out the last soggy bit of tobacco cum drool, and generally make themselves miserable. The thin, stringy tobacco used in cigarettes is not fit for a pipe, although many foreign brands are like that—which burn hot. A slower burning, more healthful tobacco is cut

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chunky and can be used in thinner bowls

Small bowls and thin-wall bowls are often chosen for how the smoker looks with a pipe, like one would choose a walking stick or eyeglasses No sybarite will be happy with too many of that kind in his wardrobe, as we want the protection of briar at the point where most of the burning takes place. The extra wood helps carry off the heat If we are going to smoke hot we might as well smoke cigarettes and get the well known dread disease A heavier pipe is a drag on the muzzle and hard on the dentures but easy on the throat We remember during the cancer scare that women heard the pipe was less hazardous to health and a big demand built up for women's pipes Pipes for women turned out to be delicate little things with hardly enough capacity for a dozen good puffs, they smoked, with their thin shells, hotter than a pint of chili peppers, and the whole fad went out the window in a few months.

Women like a pipe the most when it is jabbed into the chops of the male, perhaps they like to see something sticking out on their men. We have seen a nightclub stripper grind her way through a gang of press club boys to get at a chap feverishly smoking his bulldog, in order to stroke the bottom of his bowl for him, very *exotique*, her hips rocking meanwhile like a brigantine on a bad night off Cape Hatteras Symbolic

Pipe smoking is one of the few distinguishing marks of maleness left in our civilization today, where even the hairy chest is under cover Women can wear pants, women from UNCLE can wreck as many THRUSH agents as men from UNCLE, women can be plumbers, give parking tickets, and women can smoke cigarettes But they can't smoke a pipe and it's *vive la difference*, sex-wise The erotic element extends to the smoker himself to some degree, and it has often been said that nursing on a pipe may represent his desire for a breast substitute, or for a "sugar tit" as grandma used to call it when she slipped him a pacifier As sex researcher Kinsey said, "Sexual stimulation may involve [illegible] end organs of touch Such 'erogenous zones' are most prominent on the lips, the interior of the mouth and on the tongue " We are weaned and then, sooner or later, we go back to those swell infantile days and start sucking on a pipe

The pipe industry puts out probably fourteen million pipes a year, and surely they could make a

— *turn to page 82*

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Knocker, *from page 81*

few with plastic nipples. Actually they are running out of something more important than that--the briar root itself. The demand is outrunning the supply. The really good root is going into $50 pipes and the least even-grained, worst briar roots are left for the $2.50 to $5 trade, with chips patched over, cuts filled in, cracks disguised and a grain that is painted on. We have to watch what we are buying, and the guy who invents a decent substitute is going to make a million. Some pipes taste like they were turned from a chair leg, and a good smoker, like a good woman, is hard to find. We may yet have to fall back on the ancient custom of smoking pipes made of iron, of clay, of porcelain, of deer-hoof, of meerschaum (a hydrous silicate of magnesia) and of calabash (a kind of gourd). Or a mutton bone or hollowed-out hockey stick. Some of us are buying cherrywood pipes, thinking they are briar. The ones that are frankly and openly made of that inferior substance are usually sold with the bark still on. They are no relation to the rosewood pipe, cut from the delicately scented Brazilian rosewood tree, a purple-brown wood giving a delicate, if bitter, taste to the smoke. The wood is so scarce they are no longer made. There is always, of course, the corncob, but there is something ridiculously old-fashioned about it, and a rustic symbolism, so we leave those to the night watchman and the wardrobe mistress at the Roseland.

Searchers after the rare and exotic have even tried the *hookah*, a water pipe from the Near East, and the *nargileh* with its arrangement to suck a charcoal-fired dose of murderously strong Turkish tobacco through perfumed water by way of a long hose. And there is the *hubble-bubble*, if we can't find a briar, consisting of a cup mounted on a coconut in which there is a hole serving as a mouthpiece. There is water in the coconut. These experiments all end in disaster; water does something horrible to tobacco smoke and the hose adds an aftertaste even more revolting. The total effect is something like drawing wind from the lungs of a corpse.

We will have to stick to briar until something better comes along and try to treat the pipe as a noble friend, even though we are its servant.

Most of us want a good-looking, sweet-smoking friend, but primarily we want to protect our erogenous zones. After all, we are spending $60 million annually on pipes, and the trade takes in over $450 million a year on those and all the accessories, so we need something more than relief from asthma.

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IN THIS ISSUE OF ADAM: George Blake, a spy who escaped from the cold (p. 22), a soldier's first kill is the hardest (p. 26), a telephone hangs up a company man (p. 54), a queen loses her head over sex (p. 10), girls tease your naked eye (p. 4, 18, 38, and 70), and THE FOX is a symbol of manhood (p. 46).